The Nation

Vol. X., No. 4.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 28, 1911. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The holders of some inner and outer posts in the Government have undergone some changes, which are possibly preliminary to larger modifications to follow. A new Minister, Mr. C. E. Hobhouse, is taken into the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, after serving a long and dour apprenticeship as Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He is replaced by Mr. McKinnon Wood, while Mr. Francis Acland becomes Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Four great administrative positions are exchanged on the familiar principle of fitting a new square peg into a fresh round hole. Mr. Pease replaces Mr. Runciman at the Board of Education, and Mr. Runciman Lord Carrington at the Board of Agriculture, while Lord Crewe resigns the Lord Privy Seal in Lord Carrington's favor. None of these transformations will strike the public eye, but some sensation attaches to the transfer of Mr. McKenna from the Admiralty to the Home Office and of Mr. Churchill from the Home Office to the Admiralty. The "Westminster Gazette" remarks ingenuously that Mr. Churchill will do well if he is only as successful as his predecessor. But Mr. Churchill is an ambitious man, and he may possibly aspire to doing even better than Mr. McKenna.

* * *

Only one addition is made to the Ministry from outside, and it will command warm and universal approval. Mr. J. M. Robertson goes to the Board of Trade as Parliamentary Secretary. Mr. Robertson is not only one of the most learned men and most accomplished speakers in England, but a political thinker of thorough quality and a master of the economic and industrial questions which concern his Department. A very good Parliamentary appointment is that of Mr. Whitley as Chairman of Committees in place of Mr. Emmott, who takes a peerage, and will represent the Colonies in the Lords. Mr. Donald Maclean becomes the new Deputy-Chairman, an excellent choice, but we should hope to see him back in the fighting line. Mr. Whitley and Mr. Robertson should both be in the Cabinet, which is overloaded in point of numbers (it has now reached Mr. Balfour's maximum of twenty), and greatly needs a fresh and Radical element. Nonconformity in particular is not fairly represented in it, and the party, though admirably whipped, does not always see its typical workers winning their due share in its councils.

* * *

Parliament re-assembled on Tuesday, and the Prime Minister at once proposed and carried the resolution giving the Government complete control over the remainder of the session, and providing for the passage of the Insurance Bill and of some minor measures, including the Coal Mines Bill, the Shops Bill, the Scottish Small Holders' Bill, and the Budget. The Insurance Bill is to be passed under a mixed scheme of closure by guillotine and by "kangaroo"—that is to say, by giving power to the Chairman to select some amendments for debate and to pass over others. This power is, for the first time, given to the Chairman of the Grand Committee. Only Part I. of the Insurance Bill is to be considered in full House, the scheme of unemployment going to a Grand Committee.

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The time allowance for both subjects was first fixed at nineteen days, and later on enlarged, under pressure, to twenty-one. Mr. Asquith thought his time-table, which gives fifteen days to Committee, large and generous, and added a grievous but long-expected announcement that all great Bills on complicated subjects must, in future, pass under a time-table. Mr. Balfour, the father of modern closure, affected to treat this policy as the destruction of the House of Commons, following on the destruction of the House of Lords. As a matter of fact, the Prime Minister's action looks more drastic than it is, for nearly all the large questions of principle and detail in the Insurance Bill are settled.

* * *

The error has been the failure either to set up a moderate scheme of closure from the first, or, failing that, to refer the whole Bill to a Grand Committee. As it is, the twenty-one days only just allow the House of Lords three weeks for debating the Bill. The Liberal benches showed concern, and one member, Mr. Molteno, refused the Government his vote, on the ground that the motion made the Minister in charge of the Bill a "dictator." Mr. Chamberlain, striving to out-trump Mr. Balfour's acute but restrained criticism, treated the Chancellor's popular advocacy of the Bill as an appeal to the "basest greed of mankind," and hinted that the period of conciliation was closed. This clumsy party challenge at once drew the Ministerial forces together; the Chancellor retorted brilliantly on the party which had

dangled old-age pensions before electorate after electorate, and, in spite of a small breach in the ranks of the Labor party, Mr. Asquith's closure resolution was carried by a majority of 127—290 against 103.

* * *

DESPITE the oppressive severity of the Italian censorship, the main facts about the brutal bombardment of Benghasi are now known. The landing party was so hardly pressed in the trenches which it hastily occupied as to be almost driven into the sea. To relieve the pressure on it, the Admiral decided to break a pledge which he had given to the European Consuls. He bombarded the town, without warning, after nightfall, and destroyed a great part of the native and residential quarters. The British Consulate was hit, and ten or twelve Maltese British subjects were killed and some wounded. The slaughter among the native non-combatants must have been proportionately more serious. Benghasi cannot be, in any real sense of the term, a fortified place, and the bombardment would seem to be a breach in spirit, if not in letter, of the Hague Convention. Public opinion, which condemns the whole predatory enterprise, will expect a firm protest from our Foreign Office and signal reparation.

* * *

THERE has also been fighting in Tripoli itself, including an attack on the Italian outposts from the rear, in which the invaders appear to have suffered severely, and what the "Times" calls a "fanatical outbreak" in the town itself. Clearly the Arabs are not disposed to accept the occupation. The humane professions of the Italians are already forgotten. They have taken 2,000 prisoners, who are to be court-martialled and exiled (if nothing worse). Already a number of these prisoners (some say twenty-three, others thirty) have been summarily shot, and these are described in the commandant's official message as "rebels." It would be hard to parallel this barbarity in the recent history of European conquests. The mood of the Italians seems to be passing rapidly from vainglorious magnanimity to panic and cruelty.

* * *

AN apparently official message states that Italy has already notified the Powers of the annexation of the whole province of Tripoli. A seizure, which is effective only in four coast towns, can hardly be recognised or acknowledged by Europe. The next step is, apparently, to be an aggressive attack upon other Turkish possessions. The fleet is concentrating in Sicily, and is said to be under orders to cruise in the Ægean and occupy the Turkish islands. This extension of the original brigandage is a breach of the promise which Italy publicly made to the Powers to localise the war. At this point, it seems to us, the Powers might and ought to intervene to check an outrage which carries the menace of this war into the danger-zone of European Turkey. There is no likelihood that Turkey will yield to this threat. Her next move will probably be to expel the mass of Italian subjects whom she has hitherto spared—a step which would probably be humane, for the risks of outrage are now seriously felt in the less civilised parts of the Empire. Turkey is feeling her financial straits, and there are rumors of Austrian mediation. But a basis will be hard to find if Italy maintains the annexation.

* * *

THE Franco-German bargain is now completed, and only some verbal formalities remain to be settled. The Powers have evidently been advised that the negotiations are happily concluded, for Lord Morley made an unqualified announcement to this effect in the House of Lords. The extent of the compensation which Germany has secured is considerable, and comprises some 100,000 or 150,000 square miles of the French Congo, including much of the coast. In return, France secures the coveted "Duck's Bill," the oddly-shaped extension of the Cameroons which runs up to Lake Chad. She also obtains a fragment of Togoland, and retains a narrow strip of her old colony along the Congo, which gives her access to that river and to the Ubanghi. These two highways of traffic will now be open to both Powers. The details of the settlement are of little interest, save to the small groups of colonial financiers in Paris and Berlin. The general feeling in both countries is one of immense relief that the Moroccan question is at last disposed of. It remains, however, for France to deal with Spain. She will probably leave her the Riff country, and attempt to buy her out of Larache and Alcazar.

* * *

THE fortunes of the Chinese upheaval are advancing with such rapid strides that the local revolt in the Yangtze Valley must soon be merged in a national revolution. The Republican army, using Hankow as its base, has achieved a decisive victory over the Imperialists immediately opposed to it, and what remains of their force is now hemmed in and cut off from the reinforcements advancing from the North. The latter are arrested on the north side of the passes and the railway tunnel which command the approach to the province of Hupeh. The War Minister, Yin Chang, the Manchu, who commands them, displays little energy, and is said to be despised by his Chinese officers. One report states that he has been murdered, but this lacks confirmation. The Chinese fleet has retired down the Yangtze, and the rebels hold a strong position at the narrows of Kiukiang, commanding the channel. The revolt has broken out simultaneously far to the north in the Imperial city of Sianfu in Shantung, which is now in the hands of the rebels. At Nanking the modern troops have been disarmed to avert a mutiny, and at Canton the Viceroy has suspended the collection of taxes in the desperate hope of keeping the city loyal. Foochow, the Treaty port, and the capital of Fukien, is said to have fallen. There seems, in short, no force which can now check the rebellion, and the Court is preparing for flight.

* * *

MEANWHILE, at Peking, the dynasty is isolated. Yuan-shih-Kai, after some hesitation, finally returned a contemptuous answer to the edict summoning him from his enforced retirement, declaring that the rheumatism in his foot (the excuse for his dismissal) is not yet healed. The foreign banks have refused a loan unless he is recalled with full powers—a hazardous condition. The National Assembly, which has now opened its sittings in the capital, began its work by demanding the dismissal of the strong, but unpopular, Sheng, the Minister of Railways, whose centralising policy provoked the earlier revolt in Szechwan. The scene was stirring and revolutionary in temper, and the House was so unanimous that even the Manchu princes joined the majority. The Cabinet may resign, but, if it resists, the Assembly will dissolve, and this would probably in itself suffice to make the revolution general. The only disquieting feature of the political situation is that persistent rumors attribute to Japan the intention of intervening with arms to save the dynasty.

* * *

BOTH the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour—who seems practically re-established in the Tory leadership,

even if he were ever shaken in it—spoke on Saturday on party politics. Mr. Balfour's chief point was a strong criticism of the "reckless" finance of the Insurance Bill, which would be forced through the House of Commons after the organised interests had been squared. The Bill gave little of the £17,000,000 of which Mr. George boasted to those most in need of it, and was especially useless to the unorganised workers, the women, and persons outside the ordinary classes of wage-earners. The most italicised passage in Mr. Asquith's speech was his reference to Home Rule as a critical example of the "oldest of Liberal principles," namely, that institutions existed for the people, and not the people for institutions. Establishments repugnant to the vast majority of the country for which they existed, whether they were political or ecclesiastical, stood self-condemned. He added:—

> "Be just, not only just, but generous in your handling of it. In the case of Irish self-government be careful, scrupulously careful, of the rights and privileges of the minority. In the case of Welsh Disestablishment be liberal, be even more than liberal to vested interests, and even to reasonable expectations. That is the spirit in which we shall approach both tasks."

* * *

The Railway Commissioners have issued a report, which is unanimous, the chief recommendations being as follows:—

> (1) The abolition of Central Boards, the work of conciliation to be vested in future entirely in the Sectional Boards. These to sit, in case of need, with
>
> (2) An impartial Chairman, to be chosen from a Board of Trade panel, and having the power of final decision.
>
> (3) The agreements arrived at by the Boards to run for twelve months; no new awards to be operative until July of next year.
>
> (4) The men to be free to appoint as their Secretary and advocate before the Conciliation Boards any suitable person, whether an employee of the company or not. This, of course, opens the way to the representatives of the unions.
>
> (5) The powers of the Boards to extend to questions of wages and conditions of work, but not to discipline and management.

Finally, the Commissioners plainly suggest that the re-grading and the establishment of trip rates, of which the men complained, were, if not examples of bad faith on the part of the companies, "unfortunate, and calculated to excite feelings of disappointment and irritation." The companies have remained silent under these recommendations, but it is understood that they are pledged to accept them. On the other hand, nearly all the representatives of the men, who were also thought to be bound beforehand to acceptance, are discontented, and there are renewed threats of a strike.

* * *

Earl Grey, the late Governor-General of Canada, who will, we hope, play a moderating part in Unionist politics in this country, made a highly informing speech on the Canadian Elections before the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday. He said that there was hardly such a thing as an American "annexationist" in the Dominion; insisted that Canada did not expect her elections to be treated as arguments for Tariff Reform; and declared that Canadians disliked to interfere with our local affairs as much as they objected to interference in their own. He added:—

> "They claim the right to tax British imports, should their revenue and national requirements render such a tax in their opinion desirable, and they do not wish to interfere with the desire of the people of the United Kingdom to raise their revenue in such way as may seem best to them."

Canada had rejected Reciprocity because, rightly or wrongly, she sniffed in it danger to the Imperial connection. But she would accept no form of Imperialism implying "subjection" to an "outside Parliament" in which she was not represented.

* * *

It is an open question whether in their own interest the leaders of the Established Church in Wales are well-advised in raising the question of continuity in connection with the Disestablishment controversy. No doubt it is a genuine temptation for ecclesiastics confronted with the awkward fact that only a small minority of the Welsh people avails itself of the ministrations of the Established Church to set up an indefensible title to its endowments as the one and true apostolic and historic Church in the land. But the objection to this line of reasoning is that the Church suffers a good deal of discredit when an historically minded opponent refers them to so well-known a book as Maitland's "Roman Canon Law in the Church of England." The truth of this is illustrated by the recent correspondence between Mr. Ellis Griffith and the Chairman of the St. Asaph Church Defence Society. The Chairman rashly asked Mr. Griffith for information as to the Acts of State that endowed the Church of England, and got not only a list of the Reformation statistics, but an elaborate essay stating in clear but cogent language the fatal flaws that all persons outside the Church of England, and not a few inside it, see in this romantic illusion.

* * *

A figure of power and note in journalism is withdrawn by the death of Mr. Meredith Townsend, who from 1861 to 1898 was the proprietor and part editor of the "Spectator"—that is to say, during the period when it was the organ of independent Liberalism. In Townsend's and Hutton's hands it was also the best reflection in the press of liberal thought in religion as well as in politics, till it retreated from one position, and eventually from both. The two partners made a great combination, Hutton excelling in feeling and literary skill, and Townsend in knowledge, directness, and force. For years the "Spectator" was read for traces of both men's handiwork, and every article on Indian or Eastern life and foreign politics was inevitably attributed to Townsend. The greatest episode of his editorship of the "Spectator" was the struggle to maintain its advocacy of the cause of the North in the American Civil War.

* * *

The early death of Miss Margaret Noble ("Sister Nivedita," or The Consecrated), at Darjeeling, will be felt as a heavy personal loss by thousands of Hindus, especially in Bengal. She was Irish by birth, but there are few Europeans who have entered so closely into the most intimate phases of Indian life. About sixteen years ago she met the Hindu teacher and reformer, Vivekananda, in London, and under his influence she joined the Order of Ramakrishna (the name of his own *Guru*, or teacher) on the Ganges, and herself established a school for Hindu girls in one of the poorest "native" quarters of Calcutta. Her personal influence, however, extended far beyond the school and the Vedantist Order. In the movement for national regeneration of recent years in India, she served as a recognised guide and inspirer, and Young India holds no foreign name in greater honor.

Politics and Affairs.

MR. CHURCHILL'S OPPORTUNITY.

The reconstruction of governments for purposes of temporary convenience is one thing; their reinforcement for service to the State and power with their following is another. Time will show how far this second end, which is much the more important, is advanced by the changes in the make-up of the Ministry announced this week. Some of them weaken the executive strength of the Administration; one or two advance it. The meaning of others escapes us. The Education Office, for example, has for years been almost a dead department, so far as high policy and the first kind of administrative force are concerned. In particular, it stands in urgent need of a new Permanent Secretary, and of internal changes calculated to restore the lost confidence of the great teaching body whom Sir Robert Morant has repressed and estranged. Mr Runciman was not able to effect this reform; we cannot, on the spur of the moment, divine what special kind of force Mr. Pease brings to its execution. A second administrative difficulty has arisen in the Department of Agriculture. Lord Carrington was a highly agreeable and resourceful chief. But he, too, has had difficulties with his staff, and now Mr. Runciman, who understands ships, is bidden to learn the rotation of crops and the management of land agents. Most of the other changes represent the promotion of some of the young men of ability and promise who are being trained in the secondary administrative work of Liberal officialism. Sir Edward Grey will find a very capable Under-Secretary in Mr. Francis Acland, and the new Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. McKinnon Wood, at last finds a position in which a life's work and experience will count. But we feel some concern at the withdrawal from combative politics of a figure so able and so well-equipped as Mr. Whitley, and we confess that we do not perceive in the sum and balance of the Ministerial changes that the Government has gained in personal force and freshness of ideas the strength with which the party behind might have supplied it. Able as it is, it is becoming too Whiggish, deficient in breadth and "soul." The one new appointment which the party will fully welcome is that of Mr. J. M. Robertson to the Board of Trade.

However, men's eyes naturally turn to one readjustment which, while it draws them to a young and brilliant personality seldom out of their vision, raises also the problem of policy on which the fate of Liberalism and of this Empire will ultimately depend. That is the exchange of offices between Mr. Churchill and Mr. McKenna. The retirement of the First Lord of the Admiralty will generally be admitted to be overdue; and in his new office he will find ample scope for administrative work, for which his earlier career has given him training and skill. His successor is a man on whom high hopes are fixed. He has chosen for Liberalism, and he has done it great service. Mr. Churchill's is a powerful and versatile character, impulsive, rapid in judgment and action, but, we hope, grounded in zeal for the good of the people. He has been a humane and enlightened Home Secretary, and he has given tone and energy to the industrial and reforming sides of his department. Now he enters the Admiralty under very special pledges and bonds. His father closed his career in a contest with the spending departments; his son has told the story in some moving pages of history; and in his first great House of Commons speech he raised the "tattered flag" of peace and national economy under which Lord Randolph Churchill fell.* He succeeds to the heritage under circumstances which should bespeak a happier disposition of forces. He is a member of a Liberal Cabinet, devoted by tradition to peace, retrenchment, and reform. And he represents a far more urgent public case. In 1887 the Naval Estimates, which Lord Randolph Churchill could not defend, were for £12,375,000. In 1911 the figures which his son inherits are £44,392,000. These figures represent the highest point of a long scale of mounting expenditure which, by the admission of naval experts so keen as Captain Bourgoyne, has placed us on an unheard-of pinnacle of naval power. It is no question of British superiority; no question of a fair balance of strength such as we maintained all through the period of Anglo-French rivalry. It is naval supremacy and dominion, based on an excessive calculation of Germany's shipbuilding resources, and an exaggerated estimate of her political designs. The excess was confessed last spring by Mr. Churchill's predecessor. It stands on record; the present First Lord has only to take advantage of it, and to say, as all the world says, that we have attained the summit, and that our unparalleled exertions have more than achieved their end. Even by piling Pelion on Ossa in the way of Naval Estimates, it is not possible for him to secure us a further excess of absolute strength. He can only set the two nations a higher sum in proportional expenditure. And that can be avoided if the German Admiralty is not stimulated from both sides of the North Sea to revise the Fleet Law for 1912.

But that is not all. We have arrived at a point of policy at which, again, a comparison with 1887 may be useful. Lord Randolph Churchill did not leave Lord

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* It is interesting to recall the passage in which Mr. Churchill, in the life of his father, sketches the successive phases of a crusade for economy in the war services:—

"It is instructive to study the course of an agitation for naval and military economy, directed by anyone outside the circle of the Government of the day, and without the aid of the machinery of State. It may begin in all undivided earnestness in a simple demand for a reduction of expenditure. The Government and its official advisers will reply that they, too, are the zealous advocates of such a policy, if only they can be shown how to effect it; and they invite suggestions of a specific character. That is the first stage . . . Certain main facts of discreditable and disquieting character are clearly established. . . There are . . . ships imperfectly constructed. There are weapons which are obsolete or bad. But in the process of the controversy the movement has been insensibly and irresistibly deflected from its original object. It began in a cry for economy; it has become a cry for efficiency. That is the second stage. The Government and their official advisers at the proper moment now shift their ground with an adroitness born of past experience. . . They recognise the public demand for more perfect instruments of war. They declare that they will not flinch from their plain duty (whatever others may have done); they will repair the deficiencies which clearly exist; they will correct the abuses which have been exposed; and, in due course, they will send in the bill to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. So that the third stage of an unofficial agitation in favour of a reduction of expenditure and a more modest establishment becomes an agitation in favour of an increase of expenditure and a more lavish establishment."—("Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill. Pp 313-314.)

Salisbury's Government merely on a question of economy. He raised the whole European situation. He spoke of a "foreign policy which may at any moment involve this country in a European war."* *"A policy which may at any moment involve this country in a European war!"* Those are fate-laden words. When Lord Randolph Churchill resigned, the country was under no obligation to any European Power to intervene in any controversy which did not strictly and separately concern its own interests. The French *entente* and its developments were unknown. We have just emerged from a diplomatic struggle in which the dominant interest was a French acquisition of territorial power over a half-savage community, remote from any British dominion, and directly raising no specially British interest. In the course of that controversy we found ourselves, as the result of engagements contracted by successive British Ministries, on the verge of war with Germany—of a war, let us say, which, among its minor consequences, must have involved Liberalism in an irreparable breach and in final ruin. In phases of this incident we were almost as hotly engaged as if we were first parties in the dispute. There, of course, we raise questions which concern the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary more immediately than the First Lord of the Admiralty. But the presence at the Admiralty of a Minister of genius and initiative must count powerfully among the elements of provocation or of pacification. We cannot doubt that when Mr. Churchill surveys the naval force he will control he will endorse the conclusions to which even his predecessor was driven, and tell his colleagues that nothing which he contemplates need prevent an early *rapprochement* with Germany. Mr. Churchill comes fresh from home politics, from a close survey of the whole task of a Liberal Government. If he is easy on the question of national safety, he cannot be asked either to reinforce the mood of ignorant panic which prevailed three years ago, or to minister to a policy of European interference based on the vicious concept of the balance of power. He knows, as all men of character know, that it is useless to leave things as they are. That is the art of the dullard. The man of force changes them, and, if he is of good will, changes them for the better. Now all things point to an improvement in Anglo-German relationships. The imbroglio over Morocco is over, and the immediate account with France is cleared. The account with Germany is open.

Mr. Churchill may, of course, take a restricted view of his responsibilities at the Admiralty. He may become fascinated by the glittering machine of ships and guns. He may adopt and enforce the doctrine that the Minister is the servant of his servants, and put policy behind the unslaked zeal of the expert and the mechanician, to whom fleets are ends in themselves, rather than the expression of the national purpose. That is the line which differentiates the Gladstonian statesman from the more pliant race of administrators who have succeeded him. But such an acquiescence would stamp Mr. Churchill's career with a tameness which has never been attached to it, and defeat the reasonable hopes with which Liberalism surveys the new situation in Europe.

* See Lord Randolph's memorandum to Mr. Akers Douglas, January 1st, 1887. Mr. Churchill's "Life." Vol. II., pp. 264-267.

A WAY OUT OF THE RAILWAY TROUBLE.

The report of the Railway Commission has not brought an assurance of industrial peace. It cannot, indeed, be claimed as a victory for either party. It secures an important measure of "recognition" in allowing the men to elect whomsoever they will as secretaries to the Sectional Boards which are to decide disputes. The plan opens the way to a very large infusion of trade-union officials into railway diplomacy, as large, perhaps, as the unions could claim or supply. On the other hand, it compels all the members of those boards, except the secretary, to be employees of the company, requires a petition signed by 25 per cent. of those affected as the starting point of any demand for a change of conditions, and explicitly debars the union officials from interfering in matters of discipline and management. This is, of course, very far from "recognition" as it is understood in any other of the great organised industries. Still, considering the special difficulties and obligations of the opposing forces, it is a large step in advance, with which the men would probably be contented if it were only a question of maintaining labor conditions, felt to be on the whole satisfactory. The real trouble arises from the fact that, on the railways, the men have long been bitterly discontented with their actual wages, and that, with the recent rise in the price of necessaries, their position has been growing worse, while railway dividends have improved. The men are looking for immediate relief. They hoped to get the means of securing advances from the "recognition" which they too confidently expected that the Commission would give them. As it is, though the machinery can be set in motion and the ground prepared at once, no actual change can be enforced till next July, and even then their case will rest in the last resort on the judgment of an impartial chairman. It is this hope deferred which may produce the explosion which we all want to avert.

The real merits of the question have been somewhat obscured by the attitude taken up by the trade union leaders. During the sitting of the Commission, they gravely compromised the position of their society in the eyes of the public by their ill-considered intervention in the Irish strike. They are now putting their well-wishers to the greatest difficulty in finding any reply to those who contend that it is impossible to deal with a trade union as a responsible body which can be relied on to keep its agreements. Having acclaimed the bare appointment of the Commission as a victory for trade unionism, they declare, now that its findings displease them, that they never bound themselves to accept its decision. The Directors they allege to be tied; the Unions claim to be free. If that is the case, all we can say is that they suffered the public to be seriously misled. It is true that no written understanding exists, and we may assume that no express verbal undertaking was given; but for the public the sufficient reply is that the unions suffered the publication of an official statement that both sides would accept the

findings of the Commission to go unchallenged. If they had no intention of so doing, they were bound there and then to correct the mistake, and any attempt to elude responsibility now will be unreservedly condemned.

We think, therefore, that both parties are bound by what has passed to give the proposals of the Commission a fair trial. The Union have put themselves out of court on the question of public recognition until the partial recognition recommended has been tried and found wanting. It is otherwise as regards the immediate question of hours and wages. Here the Commission has no practical proposals to make, and offers no immediate or certain prospect of relief from a position which the men feel to be intolerable, and which the general public admit to be, at the least, unsatisfactory. We must make up our minds that there will be continued unrest until the worst grievances are remedied, and we trust that the Government will very seriously consider whether all their resources are yet exhausted. They have done well to begin with, in promising a day for the discussion of the situation. In this discussion, the men will have no difficulty in showing that their position as wage-earners has changed materially for the worse during the last ten years; that it has not been improved by the conciliation schemes; that there are something approaching 200,000 servants in receipt of £1 a week or less, without the possibility of increasing their receipts by tips; and that this is not a "living" wage for an average family.

When these facts are fully set out before the House of Commons it will, we believe, be generally recognised that if another industrial disaster is to be honorably averted—averted, that is, on terms that do not involve the continued under-payment of a large class of workers—the Government must use every means in its power to effect an immediate improvement of conditions. If the directors adhere to their refusal to meet representatives of the men, the Board of Trade must once again resume its work of intermediary, and not depart from it until it has secured an advance of wages to a decent minimum. The Government does not approach the railways empty-handed. It can, by legislation, if necessary, allow the Railways and Canals Commission to take a rise of wages into account in the revision of minimum rates. It might also entertain a revision of the basis on which railway premises are rated. It has, in fairness, to be recognised that the railways do not stand in the position of ordinary competitive traders, who can regulate prices in accordance with cost of production. Their charges are limited by public authorities, and if the public, on good grounds, demand of them additional expenditure, the public must themselves be prepared, as they would be in the case of any other industry, to bear a proportion of the increased expense, if increase there be. With an immediate and substantial redress of bitter grievances, the men may fairly be expected, on their side, to await the working of the new system. But that system ought not to start, as it were, bankrupt of good will. To give it a fair chance, there should be a preliminary redress of the most pressing evils. Whatever may be said in criticism of the leaders, they are not the fomenters of this trouble. All the pressure comes from the rank and file, and this does not happen unless the sense of injustice is widespread and real. The railway world is in the condition in which "the chassepôts go off of themselves," and the leaders will not be permanently able to avert the explosion.

TURKEY AS AN ALLY.

It is by an inevitable logic that half the newspapers of Europe have gossiped this week about the Turkish quest for an ally. We do not, as a fact, know that Turkey is seeking an alliance, nor need we assume that the search has really begun. But this we may assume without the aid of any special correspondent, that the mind of every Turk who thinks at all, whether he be in or out of office, is necessarily busied on this problem. The disaster to which Turkey is exposed at this moment is the consequence, primarily, of her isolation in Europe. Italy could not have set out on her aggression if the Ottoman Empire had belonged, even vaguely, to either of the two European groups, and if Italy had risked it in spite of such ties, some decisive act of mediation or intervention must ere now have been attempted. This thing has happened because Europe is riven by a profound chasm, and because Turkey stood decidedly on neither side of the gulf. The necessity that Turkey should range herself with one party or the other may be seen with equal clearness from any one of three standpoints. Mediation is a service which must involve, for the Power which undertakes it, some measure of loss or risk. If that Power is to secure for Turkey better terms than Italy would spontaneously grant, it must face in some degree the chagrin of Italy, and Turkey must, therefore, pay her new friend for his loss. In the second place, Turkey has learned that no regard for the decencies and conventions of civilised usage will protect her from aggression, and against that permanent danger she must seek a guarantee. In the third place, it is evident that her defensive arrangements will always be incomplete until she can afford to build a fleet, or else to borrow at need the fleet of some allied Power. For Tripoli is only the extreme instance of the importance of sea-power in defence. Her islands in the Ægean could be snatched from her as easily as Tripoli. Albania and the Yemen, both probable centres of unrest, are both unconnected by rail with any of her great centres of population and concentration, and neither could be held for long if she were to lose the power to send reinforcements and munitions by sea. No railroads serve the vast and difficult country which is exposed to Russian invasion through the Caucasus, and until the railway reaches Bagdad, the Persian Gulf is the key to another great area of potential riches and possible disturbance. It is a commonplace that nearly all her chief cities lie exposed to bombardment. Everything points to the necessity of an alliance, and, if possible, an alliance with a leading Naval Power.

If sentiment were to guide the Turks in the choice of an ally, their choice might be embarrassed between Germany and Britain. Tradition speaks for us, and recent ties for our rival. If interest were to weigh alone with them, they would certainly wish to turn to the Triple Entente. To them the advantages of that connection are overwhelming. We alone, if we cared to do it, could adequately guarantee their position at sea

both in the Mediterranean and in the Persian Gulf. France alone is both able and willing to give them the financial help they need. Russia, by her naval control of the Black Sea, her military position in the Caucasus and Persia, and her hold on Montenegro and Servia, is their gravest military danger. To secure at once the services of a friendly fleet, the use of friendly capital, and the neutrality (if nothing better) of a dreaded adversary would be an ideal rarely attainable in any diplomatic combination. The remaining risks would still, it is true, be considerable. Italy and Austria (if they should by miracle unite) would still be formidable on the Adriatic side, while Austria and Bulgaria might together dominate Macedonia. But the Turks would never despair of meeting any military danger on land alone, and, at the worst, the Triple Alliance can assail them only in Europe. Driven back to Asia their Empire might still survive, and in Asia they need reckon in a military and naval sense only with Russia and Britain.

On a short view, if the Turks were thinking only of the momentary risk of Balkan complications, it might pay them better to enter the Triple Alliance. On a long view, with their eyes fixed on the real centre of their power, it is the Triple Entente which can help them best. But we question whether they will ever find themselves in a position to make a choice. Emphatically we hope that no such overtures, if they should be made, will even be considered on our side. Nor can the Turks expect that either group would admit them on any terms which they could afford to pay. The governing axiom in any such bargain would be, we take it, that the allied group would secure for itself as the price of friendship all or nearly all that it may hope eventually to acquire amid the chances and accidents of untrammelled intercourse. Would Austria conclude a final pact unless she could secure the reversion of Salonica? Would Russia take less than the right-of-way through the Dardanelles and a privileged position in the Armenian provinces? Should we be content with the *status quo* on the Persian Gulf? Would any one or three of these Powers seriously guarantee the integrity and security of an Empire menaced by every conceivable internal peril from local rebellion to bankruptcy and revolution, without some form of control? To none of the great Powers, save to ourselves, has Turkey anything appreciable to offer for such a guarantee, unless it were territory or a commercial monopoly amounting to a sphere of influence. To us, indeed, she could offer the use of her army. But we are also the Power which would incur the chief odium from public opinion by concluding an alliance with a Government which may to-morrow find itself presiding over massacres, rebellions, and repressions.

We question, in short, whether any single Power, or either group of Powers, dare venture to give Turkey the sort of aid she requires, save on terms which would in the end sap her independence. When a country has reached the point at which she can save herself only by an alliance, she has postponed her salvation too long. The near future, we imagine, will repeat the recent past. Turkey will sway now to one group and now to the other as the Committee and the Opposition happen to be in the ascendant. She may approach one Power without quite embracing its two partners. She may secure some limited and conditional guarantees only to discover herself assailed in the quarter left unprotected. A constant rivalry for influence, conducted with the usual alternation of menaces and favors, will distract her policy. The process may well go on until it becomes intolerable alike to her and to the peace of Europe. It will continue until risk, if not reason, forces on the two groups the necessity of an understanding. Turkey isolated means, under existing conditions, Europe distracted. Nothing but the restoration of a Concert can make for her the security she desires, and nothing less can guarantee her integrity on terms compatible at once with her survival and with the exercise of any moral control by public opinion over her Government. If Turkey is to continue in Europe, it is imperative to re-create a Europe.

THE FUND FOR SOCIAL PROGRESS.

In a long and interesting letter to the "Times" last Tuesday, Mr. G. B. Shaw made an unsparing attack upon the contributory method of financing National Insurance. His argument, formulating various objections raised by several classes of contributors, is one with which not one reader of the "Times" in a thousand is likely to agree, but it deserves attention, if for no other reason, because it discloses the wide chasm that always separates the logical theorist from the practical politician. The Bill, it suggests, compels some millions of working-men and women, whose actual current wages do not in all cases suffice to supply them and their families with the full requisites of physical efficiency, to forego some pence of this expenditure in order to pay their share of the insurance premium. Now, says Mr. Shaw, they cannot afford this payment, for food, clothing, and shelter are needs with a more urgent claim than insurance. They will not pay it, if they can successfully resist the attempt to make this deduction from their wages. Mr. Shaw urges them to strike for the maintenance of their current standard wage. It is not enough to contend, as does Sir Alfred Mond in a reply to Mr. Shaw, that large numbers of the better-to-do workers are voluntarily making a contribution as large as that required under the Bill, or larger. For Mr. Shaw rests his case on the lower-paid or less regular workers who have never felt able to spare anything for such insurance. Nor is the contention that even the poorest workers waste upon drink or other unnecessaries more than would suffice to pay their weekly contribution, a complete answer to the difficulty. For, in the first place, as Mr. Rowntree and other researchers into working-class expenditure have shown, the income of these grades of workers, however economically expended, falls short of their full requirements. And, in the second place, there is no reason to believe that the enforced contribution for insurance would in fact be made out of the money spent on luxuries or waste. Finally, it cannot be assumed that the benefits of this or any other insurance scheme must, by improving the efficiency of labor, raise at once the

earning power of the workers, thus compensating them in higher wages for the contribution they are called upon to make. Indirectly, and in the long run, we have no doubt that part, if not all, of the contribution which both employees and employers are to make will come back in the shape of greater productivity of industry. The Bill has within it the seeds of great social benefit, and the critic who ignores them, and treats insurance as if it were a mere dead weight on the workers, hardly touches or understands the powerful case for Mr. George's measure.

But whatever may be the lasting effects of the Bill, the immediate economic risks can fairly be faced. Mr. Shaw, indeed, professes some confidence in the ability of the workers, by the wasteful and perilous instrumentality of strikes, to shift on to their employers the burden of their personal contribution to their own insurance. As a Socialist, his concern might well end there; but he proceeds to consider a minor risk of injury in exacting contribution from the profits and salaries of employers or of businesses at present only just able to pay their way. Some businesses are working on so narrow a margin of profit that they may be injuriously affected by what seems at first sight but a trivial addition to their weekly wages-bill. If the workers are really able to shift their share of the contribution on to the shoulders of the employer, who has thus to pay both premiums, some of these weak businesses may go to the wall. Nor is there any real escape from this dilemma by imputing to the employers a further power to shift the burden by raising prices to the consumers. For in cases where foreign competition enters in, they may be cut off from this escape. And where they can raise prices, they do so with the certainty of causing a reduction of demand for the goods they sell, a restriction of output, and a diminished employment for their capital and labor. Finally, if all the burden could be shifted on to the consumer, no real solution is reached. For "the consumer" is only the workers and the employers under another name, and if these are unable to bear the tax as producers they will have no new power conferred upon them by assuming the *rôle* of consumers. Similar problems no doubt arise on all forms of new social expenditure, and the contributory system of insurance is not alone in suggesting them.

We think therefore that Mr. Shaw has done service in opening up consideration of an issue which relates not merely to the finance of the Insurance Bill, but to that of the larger policy of social reform, of which, admittedly, this measure is only a part. This policy, hygienic, educational, developmental, in various ways will involve a large and increasing expenditure of money which cannot at once mature in greater industrial productivity. How is this public policy to be financed? Is a separate special machinery to be devised in each case for the extraction of tiny weekly sums from each of the supposed beneficiaries on the ground that, though he cannot really, and will not ultimately, bear the burden, it is good for his morals that he should be led to think that he is bearing it? Or shall we think the issue out more clearly, ascertain what is in fact the body of wealth with a true ability to bear taxation, and regard this as the fund available for social progress, to be drawn upon as the needs of the State and the community require? No one can seriously dispute the fact that in such a country as this there exists a large fund of rents, surplus profits, and high emoluments of various sorts, due to inheritance, good fortune, land-ownership, trade combinations, and monopolies, able to bear taxation without any risk of diminishing incentives to industry.

The logic of social progress will compel us more and more to the adoption of this principle of public finance. Already the Chancellor has applied it by devising new forms of graduated and progressive property and income taxes. But it will require a considerable period of public education, both for our administrators and for the general body of the public, to comprehend, accept, and adopt the full policy of this finance. The basis of Mr. Shaw's strictures upon the finance of the Insurance Bill falls away when we realise that a practical statesman must accept the actual beliefs and feelings of the people, the existing interests and institutions affected by his policy, as governing factors in its determination. Mr. Lloyd George can only do what time and opportunity enable him to do. A non-contributory scheme, throwing the whole burden of the finance and administration of a policy of Public Health, preventive and remedial, upon the local and national government, is obviously not within the scope of practical politics. Neither Mr. George, nor any other statesman, however influential, could for a moment hope to carry into effect a proposal based upon the economics and politics of Mr. Shaw. How could he, for this year and all years, place the full cost of a non-contributory scheme on income-tax and super-tax? The proposition is not thinkable, and yet it is the logic of Mr. Shaw's letter. Already there are indications that, under the rule of international finance and investment, capital is for the moment beginning to outrun the statesman's immediate power of direct taxation of its accumulations and their return. The yield of the super-tax is disappointing, and it is hard to believe that there are in this country only 10,000 incomes of over £5,000 a year. All the same, it is good that we should have before our minds from time to time this more rigorous logic of social progress. For not only does it disclose some of the places where the shoe of the more practical cobbler is likely to pinch, but it points to an ideal of social organisation which, though never fully realisable, will, as education advances, be more approachable. Already, in the discussion of the Insurance Scheme, considerable concessions have been made in the case of contributions from the poorest grades of workers. When the measure is in actual operation, we shall be surprised if further concessions are not found possible and advisable, in the case not only of workers but of certain orders of employers. As the pre-eminently social meaning and purpose of Public Health emerge into full consciousness, the purely individual benefits, which at present seem to demand detailed personal contributions, will dwindle in significance, and Public Hygiene will take its place with the protective service of Police as a necessary of life for a civilised community, to be provided out of the reserve fund of wealth at the disposal of the nation.

Life and Letters.

THE NEED OF FREE THINKERS.

It is a pity that two terms so noble in their original significance as "sceptic" and "free thinker" should have suffered so much damage in their modern implications. How has it come about? Does the fault lie in the false pretences of those who have assumed a title which their intellectual life does not justify, or in a popular intolerance of the disinterested pursuit of truth? Perhaps it lies in both. The term free thinker has certainly been injured by a too intimate association with an anti-theological sectarianism whose adherents are sometimes as narrowly impassioned in the formation and expression of their views and doctrines as those whose orthodoxy they renounce. Nor can the remorseless use of reason for the mere work of demolishing error be considered a sufficient claim to the title. But we must look for the main cause of the degradation of these terms to a genuine, though not clearly formulated, distrust of clear, close, or continuous thinking in the mind of that general public which gives to language its current meaning. Free thought in the best and noblest sense remains unpopular. Why? The mind of man is naturally torpid, it is said; it can only be brought to undertake the troublesome activity of thinking, when it is required for self-protection or to gain some clearly seen and strongly desired end.

But though this answer seems to accord with many of the facts of the case, it is not entirely convincing. It assumes that thinking is in itself necessarily undesired and undesirable. But there have been, if not whole peoples, at any rate whole sections of a people, to whom athletics of the mind have been as enjoyable as athletics of the body, whose curiosity has been continuous and ever-spreading, and to whom the pursuit of truth has been a leading interest of life. No considerable portion of our people is thus disposed. There are those who say that Englishmen are not moved by ideas as are Frenchmen or Germans. But this is manifestly untrue. The impulses or desires which seethe up in our consciousness and drive us to action, always tend to take shape in ideas, and the general mind of our people, as of others, is constantly admitting new ideas. It is the quality of these ideas and the mode of their admission that are so defective. Refusing to put hard, honest, personal effort into the pursuit of our ideas, we find ourselves in easy possession of vague, shifty, or even poisonous ideas cloaked in specious language—Ruskin's "masked words." "There are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, and even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them; for such words wear chameleon cloaks, 'ground-lion' cloaks of the color of the ground of any man's fancy; on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it." The wide diffusion of a feeble literary education has actually enhanced the power of these masked words and made the loose ideas that lurk in them more dangerous. At a time when such multifarious work of reconstruction is attempted in all departments of thought and conduct, what we particularly need is the presence and activity of close inquirers, sceptics, free thinkers, who shall compel us to follow them in testing, scrutinising, and revealing the misty notions which pervade popular politics, economics, ethics, religion, and in substituting clear ideas sustained by intelligent processes of thinking. Wanted, a Socrates, with his penetrating dialectic!

But how would so thorough a free thinker fare among us? If even the intellectual tolerance of the Athenians could not bear the full blast of his free-thought, what reception could he hope for in modern England? Sir John Macdonell, discussing ancient and modern legal procedure before an audience at University College the other day, expressed the opinion that Socrates would really fare worse in modern London than in ancient Athens. He would be the terror of the ordinary party-politician and of unscientific lawyers and writers subsisting by the facile handling of undefined concepts. They would hate and dread his heckling, and the consequent depreciation of their verbal stock-in-trade. But we should not give him hemlock, only the cold shoulder. He would go round offending everybody, by asking just those very questions it was most inconvenient to answer. He would tackle a bishop, just returned from christening a Dreadnought, upon the essential teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. He would probe the mind of a Foreign Minister in order to discover exactly how international obligations were related to the strength or weakness of foreign nations. The Tariff Reformer, the Socialist, the Eugenist, the Charity Organiser, would find themselves driven to distraction by being stripped of layer after layer of evasive terminology and false assumption. Even the party Liberal might be forced to perspire in his efforts to explain what "the people" was in whom he trusted, and what his trust actually amounted to. And Socrates on the Higher Thought, Spiritualism, the Post-Impressionists, the New Music, or the New Theology! We shudder to think of the havoc wrought upon the amenities of English cultured society, if such a man were allowed to press his demand for clear thinking.

But, of course, as Sir J. Macdonell recognises, it would never be permitted. Everybody would be bored by one who always "wanted to know," and put just those questions, which, with a nice sense of language, we felt to be "impertinent," because they went too closely to the point. We should simply refuse to listen to him. Or else, as Sir J. Macdonell holds, if his social position or recognised attainments made it impracticable to ignore him, we should "explain him away." We might treat him as a mere humorist, an intellectual acrobat, like Shaw or Butler, who could not really mean the dreadful things he said. Or else he would become for us a harmless crank. The whole forces of the organised intellect of the nation would be against him. A man who strives to know something about one thing is respectable, and to be encouraged, if that thing is small enough. But a man who wants to know all about everything, and to revolutionise the standards and methods of the knowing process itself, is evidently an impostor, a sciolist, a poacher upon everybody's private preserves.

Or, finally, if he were found too sturdy an intellectual vagabond, there would be devised a subtler way of dealing with him. He would be rendered innocuous for his true work and larger influence by being made the prophet of a special school, with a proper "ism" attached to it. So captured and imprisoned in a system, his disruptive influence would at least be confined. At any rate, in one way or another, all the forces not merely of popular ignorance but of orthodox culture would be arraigned against the true free thinker. The recognition of this truth ought to arrest the attention of all those who hold that civilisation and social advance depend primarily upon education. For the main object of education should be to make free thinkers. We are getting more education. But are we getting more free thinkers?

If Socrates were really here, perhaps he could devote his rigorous mind most profitably to inquiring why education has done so little for free thought. He would, we think, discover that two burdens, the burden of accumulated knowledge and the burden of intellectual authority, were hampering individual liberty of thought. In some of our best minds the sheer weight and intricacy of erudition overwhelm all spontaneity of thinking. The past secretly presses its moulds upon the present. The huge system of cold storage in modern libraries, while it has enriched the funds of current learning, has crippled the freedom of many minds, unable to preserve a just balance between authority and individuality. The man whose vigorous mind is continually checked in its freest thinking by the memory of what many men have thought and said before, the very setting of whose thoughts is half-consciously directed into the grooves of remembered language, is evidently impaired for full intellectual freedom. Too easily he drifts into the servitude of a system, becomes the devotee of some single cause, or wastes on party what was meant for mankind.

No doubt it takes at any time a robust intelligence and will to make a free thinker. So far as great literature is the vehicle or instrument of free thought, its poverty at present is attested by the small number of those who are remarkable for any distinction of style. For distinguished style must ever remain the chief evidence of personal freedom, both of thought and feeling. He who attains it moves easily among the host of memories that press upon him, insisting upon thinking, seeing, and saying, everything anew for himself. With the multiplicity of printed matter and of intellectual intercourse of every kind, it becomes more and more difficult for a modern thinker to follow his own nature and to avoid the bondage of conventional expressions which seek secretly to invade and dominate his thought and feeling. Yet this is precisely what is most urgently needed for a free thinker. Unless we can get a sufficient quantity of this free thinking broadcast about the general mind, social order can never be secure, and social progress must continue to proceed by the slow and precarious method of muddling through and fumbling compromise. We require clear ideas, leaders of thought who can formulate and apply them, and a people with sufficient intelligence and faith to follow them. As a preliminary, a thoroughly Socratic scrutiny and stock-taking of the apparatus and the activities included under the term "popular education" might not be amiss.

"THE KING OF TERRORS."

Skulls may not affright us, nor present fashion ordain cross-bones upon our sepulchres; but still in the face of death the commonplaces of comfort shrivel, and philosophy's consolations strike cold as the symbolism of the tomb. All that lives must die; we know it, but that death is common does not assuage particular grief, nor can the contemplation of prehistoric ruins soften regret for one baby's smile. Man's dogma has proved vain as his philosophy. Age after age has composed some vision of continued life, and sought to allay its fear or sorrow with suitable imaginations. Mummies of death outlive their granite; vermilion and the scalping-knife lie ready for the happy hunting-grounds; beside the royal carcase two score of concubines and warriors are buried quick; Walhalla rings with clashing swords whose wounds close up again at sunset; heroes tread the fields of shadowy asphodel, and on Elysian plains attenuated poets welcome the sage newcomer to their converse; houris reward the faithful for holy slaughter; prophets reveal a gorgeous city and pearly gates beyond the river; the poet tells of circles winding downward to the abyss, and upward to the Rose of Paradise; upon the bishop's tomb in St. Praxed's one Pan is carved, and Moses with the tables; upon the gravestone of an Albanian chief they scratch his rifle and his horse; and over the slave's low mound his basket and mattock are laid, lest he should miss them. So various are the devices contrived for the solace of mankind, or for his knowledge. But one by one, like the dead themselves, those devices have passed and passed away, leaving mankind unwitting and unconsoled. For there is still one road that each traveller must discover afresh, and death's door, at which all men stand, opens only inwards.

Maurice Maeterlinck has always remained very conscious of that door. How often in his whispering dramas we are made aware of it! How often, without even the knock of warning, it suddenly gapes or stands ajar, and unseen hands are pulling, and children are drawn in, and young girls are drawn in, and wise men, and the old, while the living world remains outside, still at breakfast, still busy with its evening games and sewing, still blindly groping for its departed guide! From the outset, M. Maeterlinck has been an amateur of death, and now, in a little volume that bears death's name, and is published in good English by Messrs. Methuen, he utters his meditation upon death's nature and significance. Like other philosophers and all old wives, he also attempts our consolation. Mankind demands a consolation, for without it, perhaps, the species could hardly have survived their fore-knowledge of the end. But in treating the first two terrors to which he applies his comfortable arguments, M. Maeterlinck's reasoning appears to us almost irrelevant, almost obsolete. He attributes the terrified apprehension of death, first, to the fear of pain in dying, and, secondly, to the fear of anguish hereafter. In neither fear, we think, does the essential horror of death now lie. All who have witnessed various forms of death, whether on the field or in the sick chamber, will agree that the process of dying is seldom more difficult or more painful than taking off one's clothes. The blood ebbs, the senses sleep, "the casement slowly grows a glimmering square," breath gradually fails, unconsciousness faints into deeper unconsciousness, and that is all. Even in terrible wounds and cases of extreme pain, medicine can now alleviate the worst, nor, in any case, do we believe that the expectation of physical agony, however severe, has much share in the instinct that stands aghast at death. If fear of pain thus preoccupied the soul, martyrs would not have sown the Church, nor would births continue.

In combating the dread of future torment, M. Maeterlinck may have better cause for giving comfort. Long generations have been haunted by that terror. "Ay, but to die," cries Claudio in "Measure for Measure":—

> "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
> To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
> Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
> Imagine howling!"

Nor were such terrors medieval only. Till quite recent years they cast a gloom over the existence of honorable and laborious men. Remember that scene in Oxford when Dr. Johnson, with a look of horror, acknowledged that he was much oppressed by the fear of death, and when the amiable Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good, he replied:—

> "'As I cannot be sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may be one of those who shall be damned' (looking dismally). Dr. Adams: 'What do you mean by damned?' Johnson (passionately and loudly): 'Sent to Hell, Sir, and punished everlastingly.'"

No one disputes that for many ages the lives of even the just and good were burdened by such oppressive fears. Perhaps, indeed, the just and good were more burdened than the wicked; for to the wicked their own sins seldom appear so deadly black, and when a Balkan priest lately displayed pictures of eternal torment as warnings to a savage mountaineer's enormities, he was met by the reply, "Even we should not be so cruel." But to the greater part of thinking mankind, M. Maeterlinck's reassurances upon the subject, even if they could be established, would appear a little out-of-date, and we do not believe that, even where they linger, such terrors form the basis of the fear of death. Was there not, at all events, one strenuous Canon of the Established Church who defiantly proclaimed that he would rather be damned than annihilated?

"Men fear death," says Bacon's familiar sentence; "Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark." It is not the dread of pain and torment; it is the dark that terrifies; it is Kingsley's horror of annihilation; it is the hot life's fear of ceasing to be. We grant that many are unconscious of this fear. In word, at all events, there are multitudes, perhaps the greater part of mankind, who long for the annihilation of self, who direct their lives by the great hope of becoming in the end absorbed into the Universe, as the space inside a pot is absorbed into universal space when the pot is broken. Their perpetual prayer is to be rid of personality at the last, no matter through what strange embodiments the self must pass before it reach the bliss of nothingness. Similar, though less doctrinal, was the prayer of Job when he counted himself among those who long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than for

hid treasures; who rejoice exceedingly, and are glad when they can find the grave. "Why died I not from the womb?" he cried:—

> "For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then, had I been at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built solitary places for themselves."

How far the loss of personal consciousness by absorption into universal infinity is identical with the eternal rest desired by Job might be long disputed. Sir Thomas Browne, having heard of the Brahmin or Buddhist conceptions of futurity, would draw a thin distinction:—

> "Others," he says, "rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again."

In effect, this doctrine comes very near M. Maeterlinck's plea of consolation. Annihilation, he says, is impossible, because nothing is destructible. But when confronted with the eternal antinomy of death, that both the end and the survival of personality are equally inconceivable, he hesitates. He admits that survival without consciousness would be the same as the annihilation of self (in which case he maintains death could be no evil, bringing only eternal sleep). But he rejects this solution as flattering only to ignorance, and has visions of a new ego collecting a fresh nucleus round itself and developing in infinity. For the "narrow ego" which we partly know—the humble self of memories and identity, the soul that sums up experience into some kind of unity—he expresses considerable contempt, as a frail and forgetful thing; and he seeks to waft us away into an intellect devoid of senses, which he says almost certainly exists, and into an infinity which is "nothing if it be not felicity." We do not know. A man may say what he pleases about intellect devoid of senses, or about the felicity of infinity. One statement may be as true as the other, or the reverse of both may be true. Talk of that kind rests on no sounder basis than the old assertions about the houris and the happy hunting-grounds, and it brings no surer consolation. Even when M. Maeterlinck tells us that it is impossible for the universe to be a mistake, and that our own reason necessarily corresponds with the eternal laws of the universe, we may answer that we hope, and even believe, that he is right, but on such a basis we can found no certainty whatever. Nor does the self, when, warm with life, inspired with vital passion, and energising for its own fulfilment, it stands horrified before the gulf of death, fearing no conceivable torment, but only the cessation of its power and identity—at such a moment that inward and isolated self can derive no reassurance from the dim possibility of some future nucleus, under cover of which it may pass into the felicity of the universal infinite, stripped of its memory, its present personality, and its flesh.

Fear of annihilation, or of the loss of identity, which is the same thing, we take to be one of the remaining terrors in European minds meditating on death. Of all the imagined forms of survival, only one is obviously more horrible than the night of nothing, and that is the state in which Beethoven twangs a banjo and Gladstone utters the political forecasts of Mr. Stead. It may be that our affection for the "narrow ego" is too violent, but, for ourselves, we do not find M. Maeterlinck's consolations more genuinely consoling than other philosophy. On the second and far more poignant terror that still survives in the very nature of death, he hardly touches. We mean the severance of love, the disappearance of the beloved. "No, no, no life," cries Lear:—

> "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
> And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
> Never, never, never, never, never!"

It is the cry of all mankind when love is thus slit in twain; nor is sorrow comforted because coral is made of love's bones, or violets spring from his flesh, and the vanished self is possibly absorbed into the felicity of an infinite and everlasting azure.

COULD SHAKESPEARE CREATE?

Of all the forms and models of criticism the most destructive, the most subtle, the most enduring, is apt to be eulogy. Tolstoy and Mr. Shaw have indulged in an unmeasured detraction of Shakespeare, and he remains, as he deserves to remain, the god of our idolatry. But if any anti-Shakespearean should arise of a really malicious talent, he would collect into one volume some of the indiscreeter panegyrics which his admirers have written of him. Would anyone expose the banality and brazenness of his chauvinism? He need only reprint the chapters of commendation that have been written on his patriotism. Would anyone throw into relief his failure to realise a good and innocent girl? He need only collect the sentimentalities that have been penned about the more insipid and conventional of his maiden heroines. But of all the eulogies with which we are acquainted, the most insidious, the most corrosive, is the brilliant and provocative book which Mr. Frank Harris has written, with the passion and sincerity of a tactless love. It puts unconsciously a question which every future student of Shakespeare will have to face and answer. Could Shakespeare create? In still cruder form—Was Shakespeare a dramatist? It is easy to make allowance for the erratic genius of the book ("The Women of Shakespeare." Methuen). We perceive that Mr. Frank Harris has wished to shock and offend, while at the same time persuading. His fury against the "mandarins" and "professors," his delight in hailing as authentic the portions of plays which scholars are all but unanimous in attributing to some other hand, his continual discovery among these rejected *débris* of the greatest passage which the poet ever wrote, his warmth of language when he writes of physical passion, his final comparison between Shakespeare and Jesus—all this is meant to challenge and excite. When he runs his own thesis to death in a frenzy of elaboration we decline to be deceived. He is exaggerating for his own amusement and our annoyance. But, with all these extravagances, the book is a commentary which challenges by its daring insight and its frank psychology.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the argument of the book rests on the assumption that wherever Shakespeare speaks of women and of love, of desire or of jealousy, with some flash of direct illumination, wherever there is in his description of a woman or of passion some touch which sharply individualises, he is drawing from his own experience, and writing for the stage his own autobiography. Mr. Harris nowhere states, and still less argues, this thesis. He assumes it, and it amounts to an opinion that Shakespeare was not a creative genius. One may go further; it is a confession that he could not even observe, save only where his perceptions were heightened and inflamed by some personal intimacy. This is a perfectly possible view to hold, and a serious critic might make for it a plausible defence. But of defence it certainly stands in need. If we were ourselves to attempt a sophistical and forensic defence of such a proposition, we should insist on the notorious inequality of Shakespeare's work. Of the vast cohort of his characters, how many really live, how many are completely individualised? Of the countless situations which he presents, how many does he really visualise and render actual? His purely literary gift, his magic of words and imagery, saves him, even at his worst. When he has not troubled to think out a character or a situation, he can always rely on pleasing by his fatal facility in penning a musical line or a fragment of striking, though often inappropriate, rhetoric. How came it that a talent so uneven was often so great? The answer which this school would give would be, we suppose, that he is great when he happens to fit into the framework of his plays some direct personal experience. He had drunk and quarrelled with Falstaff, sported with Mrs. Quickly, hated Polonius, and loved Cleopatra; while as for Hamlet, he was Hamlet himself.

It is really a particular application of this general reading of Shakespeare which Mr. Harris pursues with enormous biographical elaboration. Shakespeare knew

four women—his wife, his daughter, his mistress, and his mother. Ann Hathaway is the scold in "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Taming of the Shrew," while his mother is Voluminia. On these two minor identifications we need hardly linger. Assume them to be true, and they seem to us to militate against the fundamental assumption of this argument. For if Shakespeare's talent normally took fire from some personal relationship, he ought to have given us pictures of a shrew and a matron far more individual, far more convincing, than these. It is quite possible that the deserted Ann Hathaway was a shrew; it is possible but most unlikely that Shakespeare's humble, illiterate, bourgeoise mother was potentially a patrician matron. But we see no trait in his shrews which is not purely conventional and a copy of Italian models. Why choose to portray the ungrateful part? asks Mr. Harris, and answers his own question by assuming that Shakespeare found a mean satisfaction in taking a literary revenge upon his wife. The answer surely is that Shakespeare was an author-actor, who knew that he was writing a part which gave opportunity for much display of hard, vulgar technique. As for the Roman matron, we may safely attribute her to Plutarch. The theory about his daughter is equally slight. The conjecture is that, returning to Stratford, worn out by passion, he found consolation in the society of Judith, learned for the first time to know innocence and virginity, and sketched his Perdita, his Miranda, his Marina, and his Imogen under her sweet influence. Once more there is the ready answer that none of these young girls, for all their innocence, show much individuality. They do not present themselves as portraits of some model whom he had learned to know in affectionate intimacy. And further, there is in his previous plays at least one good and innocent figure (Cordelia), quite unstained by the wantonness on which Mr. Harris lays stress in the portraits of the girl heroines of his youthful period. If he could draw Cordelia without the aid of Judith, why assume her as the necessary model for Imogen?

These, however, are only the outworks of Mr. Harris's position, and we doubt whether he would defend them with much obstinacy. His real purpose is to persuade us that wherever Shakespeare drew a vital and lovable woman, he was consciously, ardently, almost publicly, describing the "dark lady" of the Sonnets, who was Mistress Mary Fitton. She was Juliet and Cleopatra, Beatrice and Cressida, Portia and Rosaline, and we forget how many incarnations more. Does the one woman manifestly vary? She represents the many phases of a long passion with all its alternations of idealisation and contempt, respect, suspicion, desire, and anger. A thesis so elusive almost defies test or argument. Mr. Harris will render plausible through hundreds of pages of subtle psychology and fierce affirmation a biographical clue which identifies the Diana wit of Beatrice, the large intelligence of Portia, the siren pride of Cleopatra, with the soft animal wantonness of Cressida, and the ardent simplicity of Juliet. It is like hunting the spectre on the Brocken, in which each man saw the living image of his first love. In this mere game of guessing there is as little loss as profit. The guess that Mary Fitton was Shakespeare's mistress is as probable as any, and clearly there are numerous passages in the plays which betray the captivity of the poet's imagination to some dark oval face; others which suggest that his memory was haunted by the wit of some daring, vigorous woman's mind; and others, again, which seem to be the bitter fruit of some sensual, jealous passion. All of these passages can be paralleled from the personal, lyrical records of the sonnets. No natural man could have excluded the memory of such a passion from his plays.

There is much to be said for the identification, and we will only urge against it that if Shakespeare had the habit of transferring literal fragments of his most intimate biography to the stage, it is odd that he nowhere reflects what must have been the chief external fact in his supposed relation with one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor. He nowhere uses the complications of an intrigue between a man of humble social position and a lady of high birth. But we are not concerned to contest the identification. That is an external biographical detail. The vital question for criticism is raised by Mr. Harris's insistence that this consuming passion gives its inner emotional quality to "King Lear" (not to mention "Hamlet"). When he tells us that Shakespeare at this period was manifestly suffering from erotic mania, we resent the diagnosis not as a personal libel but as a false criticism. The argument is that Lear's railing against women, and especially the furious, brutal, coarseness of his language, and the recurrence of savage physical phrases about passion in the play, are out of character and undramatic. They are not Lear's appropriate utterance, but Shakespeare's own uncontrollable railings against his wanton mistress. Tolstoy himself has hardly shown less imagination in interpreting Lear. The old man has turned with righteous anger against three daughters in succession. Is it inappropriate and unnatural that he should talk misogyny in his madness, and that talking misogyny he should hurt and assail and insult women in their sex? The fool, it is true, with less excuse, talks in the same way, but the fool is the chorus and atmosphere of the play.

The main question, and the only really interesting question, which all this essay in personal interpretation raises is, after all, whether Shakespeare's genius was so limited, so little constructive, as to be dependent on some passionate personal experience. There is no difficulty in accounting for its uncertainty of touch. The haste of commercial production is alone enough to explain that. The mere versification of the plays is as uneven as the characterisation. What is unpardonable is to assume that wherever Shakespeare is at his best, he is, necessarily, most himself. He had, after all, a stupendous, if irregular, dramatic imagination. The man who, without experience, could conceive the sensations of the murderer Macbeth and the mad Lear, was quite capable of conceiving a Cleopatra without having himself known her in all the intimacy of a personal passion. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, and the greatest artist does not create without some contact with reality. Something, we do not doubt, Shakespeare, the dramatist, owed to Judith, to Ann Hathaway, and to Mary Fitton, if that was the "dark lady's" name. But did he observe only where he loved? And did his imagination take fire only when his senses were inflamed? Could he construct nothing from a tale read, from a hint in tradition, from the history of a friend? One might as well assume that Ibsen was married in succession to Nora and to Hedda; and the next step would be to search among the parchments for a record of Shakespeare's madness, and to guess the name of the man he murdered.

THE BIOGRAPHER'S ART.

(Continued.)

EVERYONE remembers the canon of biography laid down by Johnson:—

> "We talked about biography. Johnson: 'It is rarely well executed. They only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination; and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him.'"

It will be seen that successful biography, according to this canon, must necessarily be very rare. First you must "live" with a man (which, I take it, only means that you must have constant intercourse with him), but even then you may fail, for you may lack the faculty of observation, which is essential to the study of character.

> "The chaplain of a late bishop," says Johnson, "whom I was to assist in writing some memoirs of his lordship, could tell me scarcely anything."

Persons who have had any experience in collecting information from those acquainted with someone whose life it is proposed to write, will experience no difficulty in appreciating this statement. Intimate acquaintance with a man does not guarantee accurate knowledge of him. You may lack the faculty of observation neces-

sary to acquire knowledge, or the power of expression necessary to impart it. But, in any event, it is by no means uncommon to find that even those who have "lived" with a man can tell you little of him. How, then, is biography to be written? Johnson himself suggests, if he does not state outright, the requisites. First, you must "live" with a man; secondly, you must have the faculty of observation. In other words, the advantages of friendship, or, at all events, of acquaintanceship, must be supplemented by the biographer's art. The greatest of all biographers—James Boswell—had splendid opportunities, and splendid faculties; he saw everything, he knew everything, and he told everything; the result has been that among biographies "The Life of Dr. Johnson" is a case of Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere.

Lockhart's "Life of Scott," takes rank—*longo intervallo*—after the inimitable Boswell, and it is needless to say that Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" belongs to the best biographies of the century.

Coming to later times, the "Life of Lord Macaulay" is also an illustration of what may be achieved by personal knowledge combined with biographical skill. Mr. Birrell knew Sir Frank Lockwood, and Mr. Birrell is a keen observer of character, as well as one of the most brilliant writers of the day. The "Life of Sir Frank Lockwood" is (accordingly) a literary gem. Among the political biographies of the century, Disraeli's "Life of Lord George Bentinck" has always been given a high place.

But how is biography to be written when you have never met, never seen your hero? How, under these circumstances, can a picture be produced? There is the rub. Pictures *have* certainly been so produced; but the achievement needs a very special art to make a dead man, whom you have not known, live.

If you knew not the man yourself, the next best source of information is, unquestionably, the *spoken* word of those who did know him. Yet the case given by Dr. Johnson shows how unsatisfactory the information so derived may sometimes be. It may be that the biographer does not know what to ask, or that the witness does not know what to tell, but in any event the essential features are often missed. It is necessary that the witness should take a keen interest in the subject; then, if at all, he will see with seeing eyes, and if he has the faculty of expression, will say the right thing by instinct. I once asked a young girl what was her first recollection of her father, and she said, "A curly head on the floor in the nursery." That was a picture, though she may not have realised it, and, in a long conversation, she continued to say the right thing all the time. In fact, the good witness must have something of the biographical instinct, and must almost inspire as well as inform. He must, to use the phrase of Sir Leslie Stephen, "be capable of articulate story-telling."

Mr. Gosse has recently delivered an interesting lecture before the Royal Institution on "The Pitfalls of Biography." These pitfalls are numerous, especially in the case of collecting information from those who were acquainted with the subject of the biography. You must sift everything, verify everything, and get corroboration for everything, else you will tumble from pitfall into pitfall. Beware of those who are eager to give information. Trust those who say they have little to tell. Of course, you will hear many "chestnuts." But the biographer who has any skill in his craft need not be put upon his guard against these. He will know them by instinct. Then there is the story which is *not* characteristic, that you may pass by. I have heard of such a story about Bright. He once said, so runs the story, talking about Gladstone (in the Home Rule days, no doubt), "What the devil will he be up to next?" Such a story might be characteristic of Lord Melbourne, but the question of its authenticity in the case of Bright does not need a second thought. Next, there is the characteristic story, which, however, may be so apt as to suggest doubt. I also heard a story of this nature about Bright. He was walking past the Crimean Monument with one of his sons, then a lad. Everyone knows that the word "Crimea" is engraved on the monument. The boy, pointing to the monument, and even to the word "Crimea," said: "Father, what is that?" "That," Bright replied, pointing also to the word, "is a crime." It might be said, this is a mere invention, *à propos* of Bright's well-known views on the Crimean War. But I asked one of Bright's sons if the story were true, and he answered, "Yes; it was said to me." Happy is the biographer who can get verification like this.

There is another class of story, which is probably an invention, attached to some great name so as to give it weight. For instance, the story has been told that Bright, during a visit to Ireland, was walking one day in the County Tipperary. He saw a man with his coat off, working in the fields. He went up and talked to the man. "Are you the tenant of this farm?" he said. "Yes," said the man. "You have a comfortable place?" "Yes, indeed, comfortable enough." "You have a good landlord?" "Yes; I have no complaint to make of him." "He has made the place comfortable for you?" "Not at all, all that you see I have done myself. I have built and drained and fenced and done everything with my own hands and my little bit of money." "Then you hold under a long lease?" "Not at all, I never saw the like; I hold from year to year." "But, then, you must have great confidence in your landlord?" "Yes, I have confidence enough; I think I am secure enough." "But assuredly you must hold under some sort of instrument, you cannot be altogether at the mercy of your landlord, as a yearly tenant, without some sort of security?" "Yes, I do hold under an instrument." "Ah! I thought so. Would you let me see it?" "Certainly." They then went into the house. The man walked straight to the fireplace, and took down a blunderbuss which was hanging over it. "That," said he, "is the instrument I hold under." This story may be true. One cannot affirmatively disprove it. Yet, probably, if you made the necessary researches, you would find that it was told in association with other great names. My authority is a wit, and wits are not to be trusted.

There is the "witness" who dislikes your hero, and tries to pick holes in his character, and the witness who worships him, and will not allow you to put a single scar on the picture. If you are not careful the enmity of the one and the affection of the other may prove fatal to the truthfulness of the portrait. When you think of the difficulties which bestrew your path in writing the life of a man whom you have known, and when you are helped by those who knew him, too, it is hard to conceive how successful biography can ever be produced under less favorable circumstances. A man lives in conversation—his own conversations, and the conversations of his contemporaries about him—as he lives nowhere else. Boswell has, once for all, proved this. But biography by conversation must necessarily be rare; and accordingly successful biography is rare. Failing the *spoken* word of contemporaries, you must take refuge in documents, letters, diaries, speeches, the *writings* of contemporaries. It is difficult, as I have said, to make a picture out of these materials. In fact, it cannot be done, unless the writer possesses a vivid imagination, and let it be observed generally that a biography is to some extent a work of the imagination. You must in every case idealise your man. Your idea may be right, or it may be wrong, but if you have no idea, your labor will be altogether in vain. Letters may be valuable or they may be lumber, all depends on the man. He may live in his letters, or they may be dull, inanimate productions without character or inspiration. Perhaps the best instance of the value of letters in biography is to be found in the case of the life of Lord Macaulay. Macaulay *lives* in his letters, and with them a less skilful craftsman than Sir George Trevelyan might have written a most interesting book. What has been said of these letters, may be said of diaries. As a rule, a diary tells you a good deal about a man, but very little of him. There is, however, one case in which a diary gives you a veritable picture of the man—the case of Wolfe Tone. Tone lives in every line of his diaries. You can see him and hear him and laugh with him, and be serious with

him, too. But Tone's autobiography is quite an exceptional human document.

Speeches are, in the main, valueless to the biographer. They seldom or never reveal the man. O'Connell was the greatest orator and one of the most remarkable personalities of his day. But his speeches throw little light on his character, and are uninteresting to read. Doubtless we do see a little of him in his famous defence of Magee. The peroration is eminently characteristic. It is full of energy and defiance. Magee was indicted for seditious libel. He was tried by a corrupt judge and a packed jury. O'Connell knew that he had no chance. He did not waste time in a technical defence. Practically, he flung Magee to the winds, made Ireland his client, denounced the Administration, and exposed the general infamy of English rule in the island. He concluded thus:—

> "Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man, who esteems equal and impartial justice, who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the Constitution—one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr. Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and confidently expects an acquittal. There are amongst you men of great religious zeal—of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess? With all this zeal—with all this piety, is there any conscience amongst you? Is there any terror of violating your oaths? Be ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire ye? If you be sincere—if you have conscience—if your oaths can control your interests, then Mr. Magee confidently expects an acquittal. If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion; if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty; if I have alarmed religion, or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, Mr. Magee is safe, and his country is served; but if there be none—if you be slaves and hypocrites, he will await your verdict and despise it." *

But characteristic as this peroration may be, we get more insight into the character of O'Connell from the following anecdote: O'Connell upon one occasion tried to protect a young barrister who was browbeaten by the Bench.

> "No, my lord," said O'Connell, "but when it goes down for trial at the Assizes I shall have a brief in it."
>
> "When I was at the Bar, Mr. O'Connell," sneered one of the Judges, "I did not anticipate briefs."
>
> "My lord," replied O'Connell, "when you were at the Bar, I did not follow your example, and now that you are on the Bench I shall not submit to your insolent dictation."

The following anecdote shows him in another mood. Sergeant Jackson, one of the leaders of the faction in ascendancy, was opposed to him in a case. The Sergeant asserted that a particular custom was well known in all Ireland. O'Connell denied this, saying:—

> "'We know nothing of the custom in the County Kerry' (his native county). 'Oh,' said Sergeant Jackson, with a sneer; 'I have never been in the Kingdom of Kerry.' 'I am sorry to hear it,' said O'Connell. 'I should be delighted to see my friend in Kerry. We would show him the beauties of the Kingdom. We would show him the beautiful lakes of Killarney.' 'Aye,' said the Sergeant, 'the bottom of them.' 'Indeed, no,' said O'Connell, 'I would not frighten the fish.'"

Speeches are, I have said, as a rule valueless to the biographer. There is perhaps only one exception to the rule—the speeches of John Bright. It has been said that the best materials for Bright's biography are his speeches, and it is, perhaps, true that he lives in his speeches as no other orator known to us lives. I have heard him speak, and his speeches have been my companions for many years, and as I read them I think that I can see him standing at the table in the House of Commons, calm, dignified, Titanic, self-restrained—a pillar of strength. In the House, on the platform, and even in his published addresses, Bright gives you that idea of suppressed energy, which I once heard Isaac Butt say, was the essence of the orator's art—if indeed, in Bright's case, it was not rather the nature of the man than the art of the orator.

Biography, then, must, from the necessities of the case, be rarely successful. If you have "lived" with the man, you must possess the biographical gift to make the most of your advantages. If you have not "lived" with him, and depend upon those who have, you will find in most cases, they can be of little use to you. If you rely on documentary evidence you will find the source uninspiring. The result of the difficulties which bestrew the biographer's path is that biography in general is an account of the events in which the man took part, and not a picture of the man at all. "Draw your history round your man" is good advice. But the thing is more easily said than done, yet if it is not done, your book may be anything else you like, but it will not be a biography.

R. Barry O'Brien.

* Magee was found guilty. "Life and Speeches of O'Connell," by his Son. Vol. I., p. 534.

Music.

THE LISZT CENTENARY.

The centenary of Liszt's birth finds musicians and the general public as far as ever from an agreement as to his final value. This may be accounted for in two ways. For one thing, Liszt's music has a peculiar flavor of its own; and it always happens that composers of this kind make at least as many enemies as friends. If a man does not like sherry it is no use trying to convince him that sherry has a pleasant enough taste to others of us; he is anti-sherry by the very nature of his being. To many people Liszt's best music, like that of Chopin, Grieg, Delius, and one or two others, is something quite unpalatable and unassimilable. But apart from this matter of personal constitution, which it would be folly to quarrel over, the public and musicians at large probably misjudge Liszt because they know far too little of his music. There is no composer who writes in so many different styles, or whose best work is so unlike his worst that it sometimes seems hardly possible that both can have come from the same man. His best apologist cannot deny that he is almost inexplicably unequal, even in the works of the same period or the same collection. In the early "Années de Pélérinage," for example, we have a beautiful thing like the "Penseroso"—in every way noble in conception and elevated in idiom—or the admirable "Chapelle de Guillaume Tell," side by side with the rather oleaginous sentiment of certain parts of the pianoforte settings of Petrarch's 123rd, 47th, and 104th sonnets. There is a world of difference, again, between the sentiment of the first and the third of the collection of "Liebesträume." The symphonic poems are not only unequal among themselves, but strangely so from one section to another of the same work. In an oratorio like the "Christus," which contains some of his newest, best, and most personal ideas, he can drop every now and then, as at the words "nati partum incliti" (in the "Stabat mater speciosa"), into the commonplace, sugary kind of cadence that is spread so largely over the weaker specimens of his piano music. You can never be quite sure, in fact, that some obvious or banal touch will not intrude into a work that is, for the most part, masterly—such as the rather feeble Italian cadence that keeps recurring in one of the melodies of the fine "Fantasia quasi sonata—Après une lecture de Dante." Where a man's work varies so much as Liszt's, it makes a good deal of difference to your judgment of him at what point you take it up, and how thoroughly you go into it. The Liszt of the showy pianoforte concertos or some of the difficult studies, the Liszt of the "Orpheus" and the "Mazeppa," the "Faust" and the "Dante" symphonies, the Liszt of the early drawing-room sentimentalities, the Liszt of the third set of the "Années de Pélérinage" (especially the fine "Sursum corda," the "Sunt lacrymæ rerum," the "Marche Funèbre," and the two "Aux Cyprès de la Villa d'Este"), and the Liszt of the "Christus," the noble "Graner Messe," and the 13th, 23rd, and 137th Psalms, are perplexingly different beings. And how many of the people who sneer at him as a mere piano showman, or at best tolerate him for the brilliant "Hungarian Rhapsodies," know anything of his greater works?

For only constitutional prejudice or ignorance of his music as a whole can explain a denial of the fact

that he *has* written a large quantity of extremely good music, and one work at least—the "Faust" symphony—that is among the best of its epoch. And it is pretty certain that, owing to his early distraction as a concert pianist, he never realised all the fine music there was in him. But even if his own works were to pass utterly out of human memory, his influence would have to be reckoned with as one of the most potent forces in modern music. Like Wagner, he saw from the beginning that if music was to have a new birth it must be "fertilised by poetry." Purely instrumental music, or even what we choose to call "abstract" music, can never become an utterly dead thing even after this great man or that seems for the moment to have exhausted its capabilities. It no doubt seemed to have come to the end of its tether to the "New German School" of the mid-nineteenth century; we can see now that it was only brought to a partial standstill for a time, owing to the lack of new impulses to stir it. It has these impulses now, as we can see both in the programme music of to-day and in the works, such as Elgar's Symphonies, that do not claim to be formally programmatic; but it owes its new spirit and its new technique almost wholly to Wagner and Liszt, and to Liszt, one is now inclined to think, even more than to Wagner.

From the beginning Liszt had the clearest sense that music not only can but ought to take as its point of departure poetic or pictorial ideas or the events and phenomena of life itself. He knew, what so few musical æstheticians seem to know, that human psychology is all of a piece—that our poetic, pictorial, and musical faculties are not shut off from each other in impression-tight compartments, but that each is communicating every moment with the others. In himself they always carried on a remarkably free intercourse. We can see this in his prose writings, where music is perpetually flashing cognate perceptions of line and color and speech across his brain, so that he can hardly discuss one art without correlating it with the creations of another. The "Tannhäuser" Bacchanale, for example, sets him off on a comparison with the fleshy goddesses of Rubens; the sailors' choruses in the third act of the "Flying Dutchman" remind him of Jordaens. It was this sense of his that in music "the whole man thinks" that made him urge upon musicians the necessity of all-round culture. In the nineteenth century, he said, "Man ein bedeutender Mensch sein muss, um ein rechter Musiker zu werden." His own music, both at its best and at its second-best, is constantly aiming at truth to life. He brought into the art a new type of expressive melody, the splendid flowering of which can be seen in the songs of Wolf. If he did not introduce rhetoric into music, he developed it further than any of his predecessors. Music, like words, as we now see, can be used as an instrument of declamation as well as one of song. How many of the most eloquent passages of this kind in modern music are the products of the spirit for which Liszt found a new voice in works like the B minor pianoforte sonata and the "Après une lecture de Dante," and in numberless isolated passages in his vocal works! And above all he both introduced a new conception of form and gave the first illustrations of how it might be realised. The idea of unifying a work by means of themes with a poetic import was as native to him as to Wagner; and he put it to more manifold uses than his great contemporary, though, of course, as a composer he cannot claim to rank with him. Liszt saw that the principle was applicable not only to drama and the oratorio but to the song and to purely instrumental works. Nay, he applied it with the finest effect to works that hitherto, like the older symphony, had been a mere collection of movements rather than an organic whole. Let anyone play, for example, through the "Graner Messe," or the 13th Psalm, and he cannot fail to be struck by the new kind of unity that the employment of a kind of *leit motiv* confers on them. And finally in his own symphonies and symphonic poems, obvious as are some of his failures to achieve a logical form, he at least taught the world that there *is* a musico-poetic as well as a purely musical logic to be obtained if only a composer have the right kind of imagination and the right kind of skill. His own technique, as is always the way with musical innovators, was sometimes inadequate to the problems that confronted it; the full realisation of his intuitions into the possibility of this type of expression was reserved for Strauss and other moderns. But both by precept and example he did more than any other man to discredit the slavish traditionalism of his own day to certain kinds of form—the potted form they sell in the Conservatoires, the practitioners of which are mere exploiters of the labor of others, mere vendors of more or less colorable imitations of well-known brands of goods. If the Lisztian form is sometimes obviously ill-knit, the conventional form, as we get it in the work of the ordinary symphonist or writer of sonatas, who would sneer at Liszt for his imperfect technique, is mere mechanics, the automatic run of the same old tram along the same old rails once the well-oiled wheels have been started. The average Conservatoire-made composer makes up his "form" as the beaver builds; he is merely following the inherited instinct of the tribe. The beaver does not build *quâ* beaver Brown, or beaver Jones, or beaver Robinson, but simply *quâ* beaver. As little personality is there in the musical architecture of many a highly respectable symphony that in its own day has enjoyed quite a good reputation. Liszt's principle was the right one—that in music, as elsewhere, the form should follow the ideas, instead of the ideas being shaped to fit the form. The actual achievement of such a man as this, even were it less valuable than much of Liszt's own actually is, is finally of less account and less glory than the stimulus he gives to other eager souls, hot for the realisation of themselves in their own most natural way. Liszt would be more than compensated for the contumely and neglect that were the lot of his music in his own day and since, could he now see in how many fields of modern music the seed he sowed is bearing fruit.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Communication.

THE STUDENT PROBLEM OF CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may be that long ere this letter reaches you, things may have happened so fast as to make its contents read like ancient history; but it will possibly help to throw light on a problem which has been gradually coming to recognition, and which has now become acutely interesting—the Student Problem of China.

Until the last few years, the Province of Sze Ch'uan, the largest and wealthiest in China, has been so far out of the beaten track as to be very much behind the provinces nearer the coast in its advance towards what we Westerners call "civilisation"; and even to-day communication with the outside world is so slow that letters take more than a month between Chungking, the great port of the province, and London. Chengtu, the capital, is even further away in time from London. Moreover, the little steamer which, owing to the skill and pluck of Captain Plant, has been plying for the last year between Chungking and Ichang, has been for two months high and dry on a ledge of rock, and may not be able to run again unless a great rise in the river should float her off, and the summer is now over, and the chances of such a rise very small indeed.

Under such conditions, Sze Ch'uan is almost a unit by itself, and, in any consideration of the problem of China, must be regarded separately. This point has been emphasised by the action of the Sze Ch'uanese with regard to the foreign loan, and the attitude of the Central Government at Peking towards it.

The decision of the Peking authorities to devote some of the money loaned to the building of the Sze Ch'uan railway, to take over the management of it themselves, and to use foreign engineers for the purpose, has aroused much opposition. For years Sze Ch'uan has had a Railway Bureau, employing a large number of officials, collecting money to build a railway from Ichang to Chengtu, and work has been

going on for some time; several miles of permanent way have been laid down at Ichang, and there seemed a prospect that, ere many years were past, the first portion would be completed, and the arduous journey by houseboat no longer necessary. The merchants and gentry, in whose hands the management of the railway largely lay, were naturally annoyed when they heard that the Government intended to take over the funds and plant and road already constructed, and to appoint foreign engineers to superintend.

At first the opposition was a peaceful one. Representations were made to the acting Viceroy, who was somewhat in sympathy with the movement, asking him to forward their grievances to the Prince Regent; but when reply came back reprimanding him for sending their complaint on, and giving him injunctions to send no more, and to keep a firm hand over the people, more violent steps were taken. Pamphlets began to be written—some inflammatory, some more peaceful—urging the people to resist to their utmost; and soon after the arrival of the Viceroy-Elect from Tibet, the struggle began to become more serious.

A glance at the opposing forces may help towards a clearer understanding of the situation. On the one side is the Central Government at Peking, Conservative, but being urged on all sides to allow freer play to democratic methods of government, yet fearing to take steps that may lead them they know not whither. They are represented in Sze Ch'uan by a man who has made a great success of the work to which he was appointed in Tibet, bringing a large amount of order among a people who have always been very loosely governed by China, who is known throughout Sze Ch'uan as "the Butcher," on account of the methods he has used, not only in Tibet, but at Suifu, where he was Prefect for a time. The Chinese say that he was appointed there at a time when bandits innumerable were plundering the country, but that Chao took off nearly a thousand heads in a month, and reduced the district to order.

On the other side are two allied forces: the students, educated at the expense of the Government—and, in some cases, even fed at its expense—undisciplined, reckless, impatient of control, often compelling the resignation of teachers who try to rule them, or whose methods of teaching do not suit them, and the merchants, wealthy, discreet, and desirous of keeping the trade of the empire in their own hands.

As soon as the students, who number several thousands in Chengtu, began to reassemble for the autumn session, it began to be evident that trouble was brewing. More and more pamphlets were issued, this time urging open defiance; a Railway League was formed, composed of students and merchants, with branches in all the large towns; a strike was organised, all the big shops shut, and small ones only opened at risk of being treated to a volley of rotten eggs and filth. No schools opened, and the Union Mission School was threatened with destruction if it opened. It was openly proclaimed that unless the Central Government gave in, Sze Ch'uan would split off from the rest of the Empire, and the name of the President of the Railway League was mentioned as the new ruler. Large mass meetings were held, and the Viceroy eventually persuaded the Peking authorities to yield in so far as to promise to refund all that had been already subscribed in the Province for the railway, and to give the Viceroy leave to consult with his colleagues in Canton and Hangkow, the other places concerned in the Railway Loan.

In the meantime, the Viceroy seized the above-mentioned President of the Railway League, with several other leaders, and holds them as hostages while negotiations are in progress. The students retaliated by undermining the loyalty of some of the troops and by getting hold of Tseo Tao T'ai, saying that any harm to their leaders would immediately result in Tseo's head coming off. This man Tseo is recognised on all sides as the most powerful personality in Chengtu. His reforms are applauded almost all over the Empire. He it was who established the industrial school for beggars, and many other sanitary and moral reforms are due to him.

The students demand that the railway shall be built by students of the Chengtu Railway School, that the funds shall be administered by Sze Ch'uanese, and they have bound themselves to assassinate the first foreign engineer who dares to set foot in Sze Ch'uan with the object of building the railway.

What has happened in Chengtu since then is only conjecture, for telegraphic communication is now cut off, and no one allowed either to enter or leave the city; but it is confidently asserted that the Viceroy is isolated in his Yamen, that all his troops have mutinied, even those who served him so well in Tibet are turning against him and saying that they are Sze Ch'uanese first and Chinese second, and will not fight against their fellow-provincials. Severe fighting is reported to have taken place.

Messages have been sent to the students in other towns to rise, and half the student population of Chengtu have returned to their native places to raise troops for the Railway League. Several other cities on the river have had serious trouble. At Suifu an attack on the Prefect's Yamen was not repulsed until the first and second courtyards had been penetrated, and then only when the assailants had lost several killed and many wounded. From another city, where two of the leaders are former pupils of mine, comes the news that everything is quiet, though merchants and soldiers are striking, and trouble is feared. I have myself been warned by one of these leaders that it will be better, to use his own words, "to leave Chungking for protection."

At Chungking, on the other hand, where the influential men belong to the merchant class, although an attempt at a strike was made, nothing of a really unpeaceful nature has taken place. Huge mass meetings were held, at which it was strongly asserted that methods of violence would not be resorted to, but that the merchants would resist the Central Government with all their force. They also said that the shutting of shops was mere child's play, but that there were much more powerful weapons than either warfare or strikes

At these meetings the British Government came in for a good deal of criticism, it being stated that England was only waiting for an opportunity to create the Yangtse Valley into a second Egypt (Lord Cromer's book has been translated into Chinese, and is being widely read), and the speakers emphatically protested against any interference with foreigners, fearing lest this might prove just the opportunity that was being sought.

What will be the eventual outcome none can say. We have no information from lower down the river, but the wildest rumors prevail. One thing seems to be certain, and that is that an army is being sent up to cope with the rebellion; but the reports as to the size of the army vary, one saying the number to be only three hundred, while another says eighty thousand.

The gravity of the situation may be gauged by the fact that all British subjects have been ordered, and all American citizens requested, to leave their stations in the interior, and make for the nearest place of safety, before the matter becomes more serious. This order comes from the British Consul, who is also, for the time, in charge of American interests.

It is a situation which the Chinese must be left to work out for themselves. The agitation is not an anti-foreign one, except in so far as it is pro-Chinese; and, so far, even when the officials' Yamens have been destroyed, no harm has come to property owned by foreigners. The great danger to be apprehended to foreigners is that which may be caused by bandits, who are ever ready to take advantage of such opportunities, and already large bands of irresponsible marauders are scouring the country, bent on plunder. Anyone who is interested in the welfare of the Celestial Empire will recognise that, if the foreign element were out of the way, the problem would be relieved of a good deal of its difficulty. Each side realises that if it fails to protect any foreigners, who, relying on treaty rights, are living in Sze Ch'uan, it will, even if it succeeds in the civil war, be in great danger of being in a worse case than before, and of finally sharing the fate of Morocco.

Whichever side gets the upper hand, there must inevitably be a change of policy in the attitude of the Government towards education. Perhaps the schools will be scattered a little more widely over the country, instead of being all centred in one city. Perhaps a charge will be made to students, so as at least to cover the cost of their food and clothing, and it may be that the Government will find it to

their interest to take a firm line in dealing with recalcitrant students, letting them see that the ruling body in a school is the staff and not the students. Young men who are continually in a state of revolt against the staff of their school are likely to get into a chronic state of rebellion, and to be a thorn in the side of any Government.

The remedy lies not in an armed rebellion, but in the reform of the educational system of China. But this letter is already long enough, and a discussion of this side of the problem must be postponed.—Yours, &c.,

"GUTHLAC."

Chungking, September 16th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

A LIBERAL POLICY TOWARDS GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On my return from a short visit to the United States I find the article "A Liberal Policy towards Germany," in THE NATION of the 14th inst.

In the main I agree with the views expressed in that article, and have no adverse criticism or remarks to offer, though I do not see how France "is the nation with whom our moral and human ties are naturally and properly the most intimate." I agree they should be most intimate. Otherwise, if comparison is suggested, I think Germany holds the paramount claim on our intimacy.

The Moroccan and now the Tripoli business seem to me the historical development of the long course of affairs by which, after the Mohammedans had ousted the European civilisation from North Africa, that civilisation has regained after the lapse of hundreds of years its supremacy in North Africa by means less drastic than those which brought about its desolation under Moslem rule. I do not justify the means beyond that remark, but the end attained seems deserving of the support of the Liberal politician as best calculated to promote the progress of North Africa in the future.

Certainly, the conclusion of the Moroccan incident marks a stage which may be considered as closed, though it gives the British people the opportunity of escaping from embarrassing European relations. Sir Edward Grey may confidently be expected to take this opportunity and so improve relations with Germany. British hands, however, are burdened by the position of Indian and Egyptian affairs, where Mohammedan populations may be expected to have sympathies with Turkey for which British statesmen must have regard. And your article indicates this view by your allusion to Persia and Russia. I should like to see an article developing that branch of the subject.

Our relations with Germany involve, as you say, many more considerations than the Moroccan affair, and I have the strongest hope that with that at rest the progress towards peaceful relations may be resumed and accelerated. One significant indication in that direction was the movement of withdrawal from German savings banks by the working-classes. This testified to their desire to avoid war.

I do not believe we need regard German activity with "hostility and suspicion." If so, what must be the position of Holland and Belgium in relation to their powerful neighbor? And there are but little signs, if any, that they feel jeopardised. We can at least afford, with a big navy, to be as free from anxiety as they are.

And I rely upon the people of both Germany and Great Britain to curb the ambitions of their Governments so as to keep the peace between them, and have every confidence that our present Government will take every step to secure that end.—Yours, &c., ROBERT PEARCE.

Beechcroft, East Heath Road, Hampstead.
October 20th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many thanks for THE NATION containing article on "A Liberal Policy Towards Germany." I read it with keen interest, and with complete agreement.—Yours, &c.,

THOS. BURT.

20, Burdon Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
October 22nd, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your issue of this week contains letters of commendable brevity from various well-known Parliamentarians, endorsing your article, "A Liberal Policy Towards Germany," and with the aspirations expressed no sane mind would disagree. But, at the same time, how is the aspiration to become a living fact?

Your various correspondents' letters are unusually sterile in suggestions, and only one of them—Mr. Joseph King's—touches practical politics when he points out the potent fact that the possibility of improving the relations between the two nations is retarded and made immensely more difficult, because the Government in Germany is not—as in England—dependent on the will of the people.

I beg to submit to your readers another practical point.

It has been several times stated by the Kaiser—using that imagery which is generally associated with his style—that "Germany must have a place in the sun."

To my mind, before the relations of the two countries can really improve, we shall want two questions answered: (*a*) *Where* is the "place in the sun" desired by Germany; and (*b*) at *whose* expense is it to be secured?

With a frank answer to these questions, I think it might be easy for us to become better friends with Germany; without it, we shall have to content ourselves with aspirations; for, however closely we may scan the map, it is impossible to find "a place in the sun" which is not already occupied by another European Power.

It may reasonably be doubted whether a war with one or more of the great European Powers is within Germany's political vision, the adventure would be too formidable, and therefore one is forced to the conclusion that the spoliation of the Turkish Empire must proceed, and Egypt, Bosnia, or Herzegovina, and Tripoli having been already swallowed, the next mouthful will consist probably of Syria or a part of Asia Minor, and Germany will follow the example of other Great Powers who have undertaken "civilising missions" in the Turkish Empire.

After Italy's unpardonable irruption into Tripoli, we may all be pardoned for becoming somewhat cynical.—Yours, &c.,

H. PETERS BONE.

28, Adelaide Crescent, Brighton.
October 23rd, 1911.

"FULL PHYSICAL EFFICIENCY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad to accede to Mr. Hookham's request that I would explain more fully what I mean when I speak of "physical efficiency" in discussing the food proper for a workman. I do not remember that I have used the expression "*full* physical efficiency," as Mr. Hookham suggests.

In the statements made by physiologists, a distinction is drawn between the food requirements of those engaged upon "light" work, "moderate" work, and "heavy" work, their figures referring to men of average weight. After careful investigation and discussion of the matter with experts, I have, in all cases, adopted the food requirements of men engaged upon "moderate" work, when estimating the amount of food necessary for a working man. The work of a house-painter may be regarded as moderate work, that of a navvy as heavy work, and that of a clerk as light work. When we consider the actual work done, especially by the laboring classes, it will, I think, be admitted that this estimate of it in the bulk as "moderate" is sufficiently conservative, as so much of it would really come into the category of "heavy" work.

I am, of course, aware that the science of dietetics is in its infancy; and some hold that Professor Atwater's standard of requirements, which I have adopted—*i.e.*, 125 grams of protein and 3,500 calories of fuel energy per man per day—is somewhat high. But even if the results of further inquiry should support such a contention, I would remind any who criticise my figures on this ground that I have selected a dietary which is more stringent than that provided in any workhouse in England or Wales. It contains no butcher's meat, and bacon only three times a week. Margarine is substituted for butter, and porridge and skim-milk figure largely in place of the usual tea and bread and butter. Incidentally, its selection involves, not only a

scientific knowledge of the dietetic value of the different food-stuffs, but a change in long-established national habits. I have, moreover, made no allowance for waste incurred through bad cooking or through imperfect digestion as a result of hurried or irregular meals. It should also be remembered that *all* muscular effort must be taken into account in estimating the amount of food necessary for efficiency. The Saturday afternoon walk or bicycle-ride, or the digging-over of an allotment-garden, must be provided for, just as much as work for wages.

My answer, then, to Mr. Hookham is that my standard of food requirements for physical efficiency is not, as he suggests, that amount necessary to bring the body into a state in which "all its members are capable of exerting the full power that their original constitution has made possible for them," but, on the contrary, the amount necessary for maintaining in health a person engaged on moderate work, and indulging in moderate exercise in his leisure.

Finally, in answer to Mr. Hookham's question, whether what the workers really want is more food or less work, there can be no doubt, in my opinion, that under reasonable industrial conditions they are entitled to both. At present the unskilled laborer is often expected, for too many hours a day, to do work which is at least "moderate," and frequently "heavy," on a diet sufficient only for "light" work, and often not even for that. Consequently, he is working upon capital, and it is not surprising that he soon grows old.—Yours, &c.,

B. Seebohm Rowntree.

The Homestead, York.
October 27th, 1911.

ENGLAND AND THE TRIPOLITAN RAID.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Returning to my home in Italy, I find a fresh occasion of writing to you and your readers on the subject of secret alliances, secret *ententes*, and secret arrangements. In the present case it is a "secret arrangement," and, this time, not with France, but with Italy. Certain of my Italian friends, who have not joined the appalling Jingo chorus (the word "traitor" freely applied to dissidents, and a boycott of the "Graphic" decided!), have considerably staggered me by the statement that, whatever the moral or immoral aspect of Italy's Tripolitan raid, that Tripolitan raid has not only been politically "necessary," but, what is a very different matter, has been made with the preliminary consent of "the Powers," and most particularly of England. Even the most absolutely Liberal among my Italian friends, an economist who had at first stigmatised the Tripolitan raid as madness, has since come to me saying, "This business may turn out to be folly on our part, *but it appears that Italy was distinctly encouraged to go to Tripoli by England.*" And another friend, very conversant in diplomatic and Ministerial circles, whose similar excuse I thought I had silenced by a collection of leading articles from the "Westminster Gazette," now writes me as follows:—

> "I will not enter into general discussions on the morality of nations, and I entirely respect your point of view. But I must *assure you that we had a preliminary agreement with the other Powers. Never should we have taken such a step without it.* I can understand the contradiction between this consent and the blame poured on us by the official—*i.e.*, European and more particularly English press; there are times when a certain agreement has to be come to, even when one does not like it. You must bear in mind that if we had not gone to Tripoli, England, or Germany, or France, would have gone, and that would have upset things much worse; it would have been the spark lighting a universal conflagration. *This is the only reason, I believe, why they have let us go.*"

Now, remark that this especially well-informed person does not say that these are the reasons why Europe has tolerated the Tripolitan Raid *after* it has taken place; the passage I have quoted refers to a *preliminary* arrangement:—

> "The agreement with the other Powers *was there.* We should never have taken that step without *it.*"

Now, supposing this Italian notion to be true, then either (*a*) the European Press (and more especially the English, including the Press like the "Westminster," which avowedly represents the Ministerial Party) has known all along of the permission given to Italy and, nevertheless (for Heaven knows what hypocritical motives!) has been slanging Italy for doing precisely what Italy was officially allowed to do; or (*b*), European Governments (especially the English one) have secretly given Italy permission to raid Tripoli in the teeth of the unanimous opposition which even the Ministerial Press has subsequently expressed, and which those Governments must evidently have foreseen. Or is there a still more monstrous explanation: (*c*) that European Governments (especially the English one) have been so little in touch with the feelings and judgment of the nations they stand for as to give permission for the Tripolitan raid under the sincere impression that public opinion would back up Italy's action, and justify the hidden arrangements? Of course, my own belief is that such a "preliminary agreement" to raid Tripoli exists only in the uneasy conscience of the more scrupulous and thoughtful Italians, and in the Jingo imagination of the less scrupulous or less intelligent ones. But I think that the supposition is worthy of English Liberals' attention, just because it bears upon the subject of those secret international agreements, *ententes* (cordial or otherwise), about which I ventured to write to you recently from France, and of which your leader of last Saturday admonished a Liberal Government to make a complete end in the future.—Yours, &c.,

"Vernon Lee."

October 24th, 1911.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN PRACTICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I for one shall be glad to own that the humanity of women is not a ground for giving them immediate self-government as soon as Mr. Massie and other Anti-Suffragists will own that women are neither more nor less human than men.

The underlying creed of Anti-Suffragists is this: That there is something about the actual sex of a woman which is sub-human, links her with the ox and the ass and the other things that *are man's*, and separates her from the privileged males, giving him the right to govern her without her consent. That is the demoralising doctrine which the votelessness of women who live in a democracy is always tacitly preaching. If we were governed by an aristocracy, if we were members of a subject race, it would be absurd for us to claim the vote on the ground of humanity. But Englishwomen are members of a State in which both parties constantly appeal to the "will of the people." If the Liberalism of Mr. Massie and other Liberal Anti-Suffragists means anything to them, then their Anti-Suffragism means that women are not people.

And that is precisely what Suffragists claim that they are—not angels, not chattels, but people. We claim the simple comradeship of humanity; although for practical purposes we only ask, next session, for a vote for women-occupiers, we believe in our old formula—the vote on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men.—Yours, &c.,

Eleanor Acland.

October 24th, 1911.

FLETCHER AND KIPLING'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I, a Radical, a Home Ruler, a thorough believer in democracy, and a constant reader of The Nation, reply shortly to your article on "History for Children," in your issue of July 29th?

I have been reading this history with a form of twenty-five boys, average age thirteen, and with an experience of thirty years of history-teaching I can assuredly say that I have used no history previously which has left so clear and broad a view of English history on the boys' minds as this has done. There is a picturesqueness and vivacity and, at the same time, a simplicity of language which makes it more like a story-book than an ordinary class-book. The verses give excellent suggestions for lessons. Take the first one in the book, "The River's Tale"; it is not meant to be "literature," but it is full of suggestion, and the lessons learnt from it *stick*. The tide, history in names of places, geological changes, the old beasts, birds, and fishes, the pervading forests, the Phœnicians, Romans, Danes—the boys learn the poem, and ineffaceable pictures remain in

their minds. I have given the boys the exercise of writing in the same metre verses on these subjects: (*a*) A young Celt sees a newly-landed Roman host, and rushes off to tell his tribe; (*b*) a Druid prophesies before being killed by the Romans; (*c*) a young Saxon warrior to his maiden lover, who wants to convert him to Christianity.

The boys soon got into the spirit of the thing, and some of their productions were very promising. I write this to show the use that a history-teacher may make of the verses in the book. It is not to the point to draw a comparison between Kipling's earlier and later works. Verses for children, written with a view to give clear impressions of historical facts, and the results of these facts, to draw morals from them, cannot be judged by the standard of "Barrack-room Ballads" or the "Seven Seas."

The writer of your article, if you will allow me to say so, looked for what he wanted, found it in the last thirty pages of a 250-page book, and made the worst of it. In some cases, I fear, he hardly used it fairly, even in the quotations—*e.g.*, Mr. Fletcher is accused of saying, complacently, "Democracy is on its trial," with the note, "the tribunal being probably Mr. Fletcher and his friends." Now, what Mr. Fletcher really said was this: "On the whole, the progress of Great Britain during the past ninety-six years has been towards what is called 'Democracy,' a long word, meaning 'Government by the People.' This form of Government is *still* on its trial (the italics are mine). Let us hope that it will prove a great success. It will do so if all classes of the people realise that they have their duties as well as rights." You further write, "Mr. Fletcher says that Irishmen outside Ulster are rogues." I find his words are, "With the exception of those from Ulster, the Irish members of the House of Commons, since the Union of 1800, have never been loyal to our Government, but have continually cried out for a separate Parliament in Dublin." You say he says that foreigners are thinking of nothing but how to steal our property. I cannot find any such statement, neither can I find Mr. Fletcher saying anywhere that the appearance of a Labor Member in Parliament is a gross impertinence. Once more, you have selected a passage about the Peterloo massacre. From the beginning of the paragraph you leave out these sentences: "I shall have to scold the Tories for their attitude during the first fifteen of these ninety-six years. They held power right up to 1830, and it was obviously their duty to take up this (Parliamentary Reform), and many other questions, in a serious and 'modern' spirit." He speaks of the stick-in-the-mud Tories who were opposed to any change, and says he thinks it strange that the Tories opposed reform of the House of Commons. Then, as you say, he writes that the Whigs, being weak in Parliament, did not scruple to appeal to the passions of uneducated people outside Parliament, that they encouraged "monster meetings," and such like; that there were riots in favor of reform. Your note on this is, "On the simplest detail, he (Mr. Fletcher) cannot tell the truth. The Whigs, so far from encouraging 'monster meetings' and 'monster petitions' were in mortal terror of them."

I must say that to found an accusation of not being able to "tell the truth on the simplest detail" on the very complicated question as to who are included under the name of Whig is—well, somewhat equivocal. If, as I imagine, Mr. Fletcher in this passage does, one divides England at that time into two parties politically—viz., Whigs and Tories, either the Whigs encouraged these monster meetings or else the Tories did—or else nobody did! Your reviewer should, I think, be more careful in making accusations of untruth. He doubtless holds that there was another party besides Whig and Tory at the time, or else he thinks that the term Whig can only be applied to the Parliamentary leaders of the Party. Mr. Fletcher manifestly takes it that the party in favor of Reform was the Whig Party; and, if so, where is the untruth?

I should now like to show from Mr. Fletcher's book that he is not so besotted a Tory as your reviewer would have us suppose, but that he writes in a generous spirit, and I will take my examples from the last thirty pages, so carefully read by your reviewer.

We read of "absurd old boroughs, with few or no inhabitants, losing the franchise," and approval of the great, growing towns getting it; also of education, not wealth or class, being the rightful basis of representation. "No words can be too hard for Tory Ministers like Lord Eldon, who obstructed the reform of the criminal laws"; "the *credit* of removing laws which made a man's admission to Parliament depend on his religious views." He denounces the Corn Laws in no measured terms; he gives unqualified approval to Free Education; and, finally, he applauds the Constitution given by the Liberal Government to South Africa. The History closes with an appeal from the lessons of history to be "better, braver, more self-denying, more manly men and boys, more tender, more affectionate, more home-loving women and girls. It is for you boys and girls who are growing up to resolve that you will be all these things, and to be true to your resolutions." After all, children do not take their opinions from class-books, nor, to any great extent, from their teachers; and to denounce an admirably written and most useful history because the authors show that their opinions are Royalist, Imperialist, Conservative, or whatever we like to condemn as different from our own, seems to me unworthy of THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

C. C. LYNAM, M.A.

The Oxford Preparatory School.
October 18th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lynam's ingenuous dilemma, "Either the Whigs encouraged these monster meetings, or else the Tories did," illustrates very graphically the state of mind that is produced by looking at history from the point of view of one class. It does not apparently occur to Mr. Lynam, any more than it does to Mr. Fletcher, that it is conceivable that the working classes of England who had been ground down under the most brutal Combination Law, and robbed by the most shameless Enclosure Acts, and to whom neither Whigs nor Tories had the remotest intention of giving the franchise, should have risen in protest without encouragement from either of the aristocratic parties in Parliament. But that happens to be the case, and the statement in Mr. Fletcher's book gives a totally false idea of the social history of the period. Does Mr. Lynam call Cobbett or Bamford a Whig? That has not hitherto been regarded as a "very complicated question." I cannot imagine it being thought complicated by Lord Grenville, or by Lord Grey, or by Cobbett himself, or by any historian.

Mr. Lynam's boys, who put down this book with so clear and broad a view of English history, have learned nothing at all about the series of measures by which the standard of life of the English poor was forced down during the last half-century of the old *régime*. Yet it is the most important fact in that period for those who wish to understand modern England. They are left in absolute ignorance of the way in which the upper classes used their political monopoly to enrich themselves, or of the origin of any existing social problem, or of the significance and development of the great economic changes that transformed England in that period. They are told that "there was often found increase of misery and discontent among the poor. Foolishly, but naturally, the poor used to blame the Government and the laws for their misery." Mr. Lynam may claim that this is "a clear and broad view," but if he happens to turn over such a book as Mr. Graham Wallas's "Place," or to come across Arthur Young's Manifesto of 1801, on the robbing of the villagers, or look into the Parliamentary Reports on Crime and Punishment at this period, he will understand what I meant when I said, "A child might as well try to construct a history of the last ten years out of the Tory election placards—the legends about Pat Ford, and the rest of it—as to understand the conditions from which modern England has sprung by reading this volume." That sentence I reproduce for another reason, as it explains why I confined myself to the last thirty pages of Mr. Fletcher's book. My article was concerned with the teaching of history in its bearing on modern conditions. From that point of view it is those thirty pages that matter. The keenest party man can treat Stephen or Matilda with a certain detachment and coldness, and I do not believe that the speakers of the Budget League or the Tariff Reform League were ever kept awake by any controversy about William Rufus. But if Mr. Fletcher's readers are to understand the world in which they live, it is essential that they should not be misled about the social history of that decisive period,

and I gave my reasons for thinking that Mr. Fletcher gives them a false picture—a picture full of the prejudices of his class and party.

If Mr. Lynam will refer again to my article, he will see that he is not quite accurate in his detailed criticisms. Before quoting Mr. Fletcher's amazing sentence about Peterloo, I stated quite definitely that Mr. Fletcher said that it was a mistake for the Tories not to reform Parliament after Waterloo. The fact that he admits this only brings into clearer relief his view that it was a gross impertinence for the poor to take any part in politics. Also, I did not say "Mr. Fletcher says that Irishmen outside Ulster are rogues," or that he said that "foreigners were thinking of nothing but how to steal our property." I said that this was the atmosphere in which the class for which Mr. Fletcher was writing is brought up. I hardly think that atmosphere is likely to be discouraged by such remarks as these: "This great expansion of the British Empire during the last ninety-six years has not come about without a great deal of jealousy from the other European Powers; and this jealousy was never more real or more dangerous than it is to-day!" Mr. Lynam thinks I have done less than justice to Mr. Fletcher's magnanimous statement that democracy will only prove a success if all classes of the people realise that they have duties as well as rights; but even his more tolerant Radicalism will perhaps detect a faint flavor of partiality in another passage on page 65: "So you see, by all these measures, King Henry interested his subjects in the Government. He made them see that they had duties as well as rights, a fact which the poorer classes of Englishmen have almost forgotten to-day." By the way, I cannot find the passage in which Mr. Fletcher applauds the Constitution given by the Liberal Government to South Africa, or any reference to free education; but at the end of the paragraph about Ireland, of which Mr. Lynam gives the first sentence, I find this generous statement of the arguments for and against Home Rule:—

> "With the exception of those from Ulster, the Irish Members of the House of Commons since the Union of 1800, have never been loyal to our system of government, but have continually cried out for a separate Parliament in Dublin. The first great agitator for this purpose was the orator Daniel O'Connell, in the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and at the beginning of Victoria's reign. He has been followed by many others, notably by Mr. Parnell, and the agitation is still continuing. In order to hush this cry, British statesmen have allowed Ireland to have many more members of the House of Commons than the population of that island warrants. More than one statesman—especially the famous Mr. Gladstone in 1885 and 1892—has thought of conciliating the Irish, by granting them, under the name of Home Rule, the separate Parliament which they demand. But most people fear that a separate Irish Parliament would be followed by a complete separation between Ireland and Great Britain by the establishment of an Irish Republic, and by the oppression of the well-to-do and intelligent classes of Irishmen, who are certainly loyal to the British Crown. All British politicians on both sides have, during the last seventy years, made haste to remove every real and, indeed, every imaginary grievance of the Irish people, though they have earned no gratitude by doing so."

—Yours, &c., THE REVIEWER.

October 24th, 1911.

THE EIGHTY CLUB IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hold, as Mr. Hawkin states, that the Home Rule Bill, which must fix *some* franchise for the election of the Irish Parliament, should admit Irish women to that franchise from the beginning. Many considerations, both of principle and of tactics, support this view. The new Irish Parliament must straightway set its hands to a great work of social reconstruction. It cannot set about that task with the necessary knowledge and sympathy unless the women of Ireland are represented in its deliberations. It cannot set about it at all if it finds itself compelled to devote its earlier sessions to franchise questions. That it will be so compelled, if women have no votes for it from the beginning, is rendered certain by the present temper of Irish Suffragettes. Those who desire to see the Irish Parliament enter on its great national work worthily, with full knowledge and authority, will take care that it shall be representative, not only of every class and creed (as Mr. Redmond has often eloquently urged), but, what is still more important, of both sexes.

The change could be effected with the minimum of difficulty on the inauguration of a new legislature. No new register or new registration provisions would be required. It would simply be necessary to provide that the new Irish Parliament should be elected on the existing Local Government franchise. This franchise, which has, by the admission of all parties, worked extremely well, is wider, it should be noted, than the English municipal franchise, on which the Conciliation Bill is based. It includes all the existing Parliamentary electors, plus a supplementary register containing those women (and peers) whose qualications would entitle them to a Parliamentary vote if they were male commoners. In other words, the adoption of the Local Government franchise for the Irish Parliament would establish (with the addition of a few peers) the franchise proposed by the Stanger Bill.

It could not be said that in embodying woman's suffrage in the Home Rule Bill one was giving Ireland something she did not want. All the indications point in the opposite direction. The Corporations of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, the Dublin County Council, and a number of other local representative bodies, have declared themselves in favor of the Conciliation Bill. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, by direction of the Corporation, has presented a petition in its favor at the Bar of the House of Commons. A majority of the Irish members of Parliament of all parties, have always voted for the various Woman's Suffrage Bills of recent years. Only nine of them voted against the Conciliation Bill this year. These considerations, I submit, are sufficiently substantial to outweigh the fact that Mr. John Redmond is personally an anti-suffragist.

I attach considerable importance to this question; I am glad Mr. Hawkin has given me an opportunity to discuss it, and I regard his implied sneer at it as further evidence of the low level of democratic feeling in the present Liberal Party. But I must add that Mr. Hawkin is mistaken in supposing that I was thinking solely, or even mainly, of woman's suffrage when I foreshadowed the rejection of an unsatisfactory Home Rule Bill. I had in mind rather such questions as the control of Customs and Excise; the adequacy of the financial restitution; the insertion of artificial, undemocratic, and irritating "safeguards" for a pampered minority; and, above all, the restriction of the powers of the Irish Parliament, either by a schedule of "permitted subjects," or by some new-fangled interpretation of "supremacy." I am putting the case moderately when I say that a measure unsatisfactory in regard to any one of these points would probably be rejected by the mass of Irish Nationalists. A measure which was unsatisfactory on two or more of them would certainly be rejected.—Yours, &c.,

F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

11, Grosvenor Place, Rathmines, Dublin.

Poetry.

TO THORALIS.

TREAD soft: your feet are set upon my heart.
Smile seldom, for you stab me with your smiles.
Move gently, for about your every part
My life lies linked, and wound with curious wiles.
About your hands and hair
Are trammelling thoughts, and there are fantasies
Clasping beseeching hands about your knees.

So, while you rest, all visions gather round you,
Frail spells are woven, feigning future bliss,
And hope may think those thoughts of mine have bound you
—Bonds so soon broken—Oh, my Thoralis,
Keep silence, standing there,
So, looking still not at me, but above me,
Or you will show or say you do not love me.

E. N. DA C. ANDRADE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"The Women of Shakespeare." By Frank Harris. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Realm of Ends, or Pluralism and Theism." Gifford Lectures. By James Ward. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Glory that was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilisation." By J. C. Stobart. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 30s. net.)

"Later Letters of Edward Lear." Edited by Lady Strachey. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

"Three Generations: The Story of a Middle-Class Scottish Family." By Henrietta Keddie. (Murray. 9s. net.)

"Hail and Farewell: Ave." By George Moore. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Nuts and Chestnuts." By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. (Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Hannah More: A Biographical Study." By A. M. B. Meakin. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)

"The Battle of the Boyne." By D. C. Boulger. (Swift. 21s. net.)

"Historical Sociology: A Text-book of Politics." By Frank Granger. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Etchings." By Frederick Wedmore. (Methuen. 25s. net.)

"A Whistling Woman." By Robert Halifax. (Constable. 6s.)

"Juggernaut." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Madame de Genlis: Sa Vie Intime et Politique. Par Jean Harmand. (Paris: Perrin. 5 fr.)

"Etudes d' Histoire." Quatrième Série. Par Arthur Chuquet. (Paris: Fontemoing. 3 fr. 50.)

"Monsieur des Lourdines." Roman. Par Alphonse de Chateaubriant. (Paris: Grasset. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

THE excessive population of the world of books is a hackneyed topic, and though Lord Rosebery, *more suo*, merely bewails the evil and offers no hint of a remedy, its discussion is not without interest at the present moment. Our literary deluge is now in full flood, and if the season has given us some books of permanent value and promises others, most of the new arrivals are destined to swell the "bales of forgotten science, superseded history, and biographies of people that nobody cares about," to say nothing of the dense array of novels of which ninety per cent. will not even be known by name to the most omnivorous reader. The fact is that, with rare exceptions, books have lost the characteristic of permanence, and have become ephemeral productions, like magazines or newspapers. After a couple of months of feverish existence, they do little more than occupy space on the shelves of those institutions of which Mr. Carnegie is so great a patron. One serious consequence of this state of affairs is that the student is confronted by so great a mass of printed matter that he has to waste a good deal of time exploring rubbish in the mere endeavor to find out what is worth reading on his particular subject. Fortunately, there is in existence a process which, though far from satisfactory, has at least the merit of diminishing the number of books that will bewilder our descendants. Modern paper-makers and printers have so improved upon their art that a book printed to-day will be a mass of illegible pulp half a century hence. The only books that will survive are those which each generation thinks of sufficient interest or value to be presented in a new edition.

* * *

IF we apply this test to the writers of the end of the nineteenth century, none seems as secure of immortality as Stevenson. Apart from reprints of single books, he has been presented in three sumptuous editions, each described as complete, yet each succeeding edition containing material not to be found in its predecessor. The "Edinburgh" edition, in twenty-eight volumes, for which Sir Sidney Colvin was responsible, was begun in 1894 and completed in 1898. This was followed in 1906 by Mr. Gosse's "Pentland" edition, in twenty volumes, and now we have the first five volumes of the "Swanston" edition, which will run to twenty-five volumes, and be completed by November, 1912. It is produced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, in association with Messrs. Cassell, Heinemann, and Longmans, and will contain the letters which Sir Sidney Colvin has recently edited for Messrs. Methuen. We are not told the name of the editor of the "Swanston," but the first volume has a pleasant, if rather over-discursive, introduction from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang considers that any attempt by a contemporary to "place" Stevenson, to give him his "class" in English literature, would be a folly. Yet, on the next page, he adds: "If he (Stevenson) is not the master British essayist of the later nineteenth century, I really cannot imagine who is to be preferred to him. His vivacity, vitality, his original reflections on life, his personal and fascinating style, claim for him the crown." As a novelist, he suffers from what Mr. Lang regards as the "conspicuous drawback" that he never wrote a novel on "characters and conditions in the mid-stream of life that was contemporary with himself." For this reason, he does not compete with Dickens and Thackeray, with Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy.

* * *

MR. LANG'S introduction tells us something, but not as much as we should like, about the literary projects which Stevenson planned but never executed. In "La Cousine Bette," Balzac likens this process of dreaming over literary projects to smoking "enchanted cigarettes," and the enchanted cigarettes of famous writers would be a good theme for some erudite essayist. Stevenson's include, besides a "Life of Hazlitt," a biography of the Duke of Wellington, and a novel, "The Young Chevalier," all mentioned by Mr. Lang, a series of papers on the French Parnassiens, a novel of life in Tahiti, to be called "Sophia Scarlet," a love-story called "Canonmills," which he thought everybody would think "dreadfully improper," another love-story, "but not improper," called "The Rising Sun," a history of the Indian Mutiny, and an English grammar, illustrated by examples from the English classics.

* * *

AMONG other English writers, Coleridge was probably the greatest smoker of enchanted cigarettes. Pope's enchanted cigarette, "A History of English Poetry," was also smoked by Gray, and though Warton went some way in the execution of the design, it was not until our own day that it was achieved by Mr. Courthope. "The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon" give a long list of enchanted cigarettes, the most interesting being a "History of the Republic of Florence." Burke contemplated a history of England, and Macaulay made some progress with "The History of France, from the Restoration of the Bourbons to the Accession of Louis Philippe," and his journal tells us that if he could have obtained materials, he would have written a short life of Jane Austen, in order to raise "a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral." But the enchanted cigarette that will stir keenest regret in many minds is the great "History of Liberty," on which Acton spent so much thought, and for which he made such huge collections.

* * *

A GOOD deal of interest belongs to the collection of letters by George Borrow which the Rev. T. H. Darlow has edited, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are about to publish. They belong to the period when Borrow visited Spain in the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and were used by him in writing "Lavengro." Last year they were discovered among the archives of the Society, and, as they contain a good deal that is not found in Borrow's published works, their appearance will be welcomed by all Borrovians.

* * *

THE same firm has in the press the third and concluding volume of Dr. J. S. Carroll's "Expositions of Dante." "Exiles of Eternity," an exposition of the "Inferno," appeared in 1904, and was followed, two years later, by "Prisoners of Hope," a companion volume on the "Purgatorio." The volume now announced deals with the "Paradiso," and is entitled "In Patria," a less happy title than those of its predecessors. The two volumes already published are among the best English commentaries on Dante, certainly the best for those who do not read Dante in the original and prefer not to be troubled with minute points of scholarship and interpretation.

* * *

THE study of English Government in the period preceding the Reform Bill by Mr. J. L. Hammond and Mrs. Hammond, which we announced some months ago, will be published next Monday by Messrs Longmans. Its title is "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832."

Reviews.

A CHEERFUL PILGRIM.

"**Autobiographic Memoirs.**" By FREDERIC HARRISON, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. (Macmillan, 2 Vols. 30s. net.)

WE suppose that Mr. Frederic Harrison is almost the only living man of whom it could be said that two thick and closely-printed volumes of "Autobiographical Memoirs" represented a mere parergon of his activities. But so it is. Mr. Harrison has lived nearly eighty years. Within that period, so his bibliography informs us, he has written 28 books, 21 "introductions and essays" to books, 28 pamphlets and addresses, and 208 magazine articles, with various oddments in the shape of reprints of articles in newspapers and privately-circulated memoirs of friends. He has been a "public man" in the sense in which not a dozen of his contemporaries deserve that title. He has almost provided a new religion; and he has certainly conducted and inspired one section of its professors, leaving the other section in the dust, or at least in the shadow. He has discussed nearly everything with the great "progressives" of the Victorian Age; nearly all of them have been his friends and he theirs. He has borne a most honorable, courageous, and independent part in such great movements and events of his time as the Building Lock-out of 1861 and the Royal Commission on Trade Unions. He was the first and most notable Englishman to expose the bloody deeds which stamped out the Commune of Paris, and he struck a vigorous stroke for the threatened life of the Third French Republic. To him, more perhaps than to any single personality, belongs the virtual incorporation of Trade Unions in the law of England. He has hailed with joy the rise of all nationalities in Europe but the German; and has been the eloquent chief mourner by the bier of those that have fallen. He has administered salutary rebukes to Liberal Governments, the Church of England, the late Dr. Congreve, Parnell, the British Empire, several of its deities, and most of its idols. Withal he has hugely enjoyed everything, and he has now formally brushed up the crowded memories of his days, and recalled his incessant judgments on men and things, without (as he often informs us) regretting the one or desiring to reverse the other. Here truly is a "record"; and if the two volumes leave us a little breathless, and not always caught up to the heaven of certitude where good Positivists dwell, it leaves us warm admirers of so fine, so prolonged an adventure in living, so determined an essay in practical culture as applied to the somewhat slumberous intellectual energies of our people.

Let us briefly note some of the more characteristic landmarks of this career. It began with William IV. (Mr. Harrison was born in 1831.) Muswell Hill, where his childhood was passed, was then a village, where you could wander all day and see only a milkmaid or a carter. Almost the only spiritual trouble he records in the whole book was his boyish torture at the thought that he had sinned against the Holy Ghost by saying "Damn." In those happy days it was possible to teach the classics "without ever reading the ordinary rules of the stock (classical) grammar." It was also possible to see the aged Duke of Wellington riding down Piccadilly "like a phantom," "reeling from side to side, and in imminent danger of falling." Mr. Harrison was at a college (Wadham) where the system was "severely to ignore the schools," and where the tutors urged them to regard class-lists as "obsolete humbug." Nevertheless, he was so fortunate as to have Jowett and Mark Pattison for two of his examiners in his "finals," and to have them set three such ideal subjects for the essays as the following:—

> I.—A Greek passage in the style of Aristotle, or a Platonic dialogue to illustrate Socrates' irony.
>
> II.—For a Latin Essay—A Stoic about A.D. 200 discourses on the morality and discipline of Christians.
>
> III.—An English Essay—The character of Poetry in an advanced stage of mental culture.

He had Liddon for his school-mate; at college he, with others, founded a society for improving the tone and widening the thoughts of the scholars, to which the neglected commoners retorted by calling the society "Mumbo Jumbo." On leaving Oxford he passed into conveyancing, Radical politics, social propaganda, and was much enkindled by a visit to Comte, who deplored his mental condition, unenlightened by science and mathematics. In London he led the life of a well-to-do young man on whom the spirit of Ruskin had descended. He was exemplary in conduct, full of public spirit, a born rhetorician, a wide but orderly reader. His form of culture more and more impelled him to his heroic effort to systematise the religion of the least systematic nation in the world. In 1853, the year of one of the great Gladstone Budgets, he thought that the contest between property and truth was closed, and the contest of numbers against property, "man against things," was beginning. The Indian Mutiny, four years later, found him convinced that the Empire only gave us material power, whereas we wanted moral power. "It gives us wealth, we want progress." In politics he attached himself to Bright, up to the point of the great Tribune's very partial acquiescence in the opening stages of our Egyptian policy; but declined to follow party Liberalism. He gradually fitted his view of religion into his political creed of peace, nationalism, and social justice. No load of sin, no burden of despair over the welter of his age, weighed down this cheerful pilgrim, who carried a neat map of the Heavenly and the Earthly Kingdoms in his wallet, and lectured as he went. A pure objective realisation of definite social aims contented him, and reconciled him to life. Religion, he thought, did not mean the satisfaction of our internal troubles. It meant the "peace and good of mankind and of nations on earth." He thought poorly of "dear, good (F. D.) Maurice" ("a more utterly muddle-headed and impotent mind I have never known"), and finding no moral ground in orthodoxy, launched into a full negation of supernaturalism, broke a lance with Ruskin, and became a leading warrior on the grand tilting ground of the Metaphysical Society, with Manning, Fitz-James Stephen, Huxley, Gladstone, and Martineau as fellow combatants.

As Positivism developed, and the breach with Dr. Congreve occurred, Mr. Harrison became the effective leader of the dominant group of English Comtists who made their home at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, and there, with men like Professor Beesly at his back, formed a compact and vigorous centre of moral energy in English public life. This is not the place for a review of his association with that famous meeting-place of the emancipated elect. Mr. Harrison speaks with apostolic faithfulness of "the arrogant egotist," "the fierce intriguer," "the pitiless misanthropist," who stood for a "sort of back-parlor Popedom" in the English Positivist movement. But it is open to the critic to hint that some measure of the papal spirit descended on Newton Hall also. Mr. Harrison clearly thinks that he and his associates hit upon the right blend of altar and pulpit and secular lecture hall, and he records, with some satisfaction, the spiritual fitness of some of its ceremonies. Thus:

> "A wedding at Newton Hall is usually pronounced to be both a graceful and an impressive ceremony, bringing home to bride and bridegroom the tremendous responsibilities of married life, calling on them to make serious pledges of duty face to face with their families and their fellow-believers, and dedicating their lives, not only to each other, but to the community in which they live. It is no longer an affair of clothes, simpering, and idle jollification, such that the conventional phrases of the bishop and his assisting priests are lost in the chatter of a dressy mob, and the contemplation of 'costly' presents."

But shall we not decide that Mr. Harrison was born, not to preside over "graceful and impressive" ceremonies of marriage, but to give, as he has freely given, the great store of his knowledge and enthusiasm to the work of representing and admonishing the public conscience of his country? If, indeed, we could be quite sure that all Positivists were like Mr. Harrison, or that Positivism would suit them as well as it has suited him, we might be content to see a world covered with the Positive Philosophy as the waters cover the sea. In any case, it is obvious that his religion has yielded him abundant fruits of the spirit—integrity, peace, moral and mental satisfaction, energy in well-doing, hopefulness for the future, and contentment with the past. Do we exaggerate? Listen to this witness of a man of 30 who had recently passed, so far as we can judge without an internal struggle, or even an interval of melancholy, from the orthodox faith into a region void of all supernatural aids

and comforts, and taken with him a calm which, if we accept the record of these volumes, has lasted for fifty years.

> ". . . . Whatever difficulties may meet on matters of dogma, I never saw any reason for distress of mind. I do not believe that any eternal torments are in store for those who seek for some certainty. And as I never experienced the agonies of scepticism accompanied with superstition, I make no difference between convictions held on religious or on political questions, except that the former are more important. I desire to see both cleared up; but I cannot make myself unhappy about either. I see no doubt but that the world is very good and going to good; and there exists no cause for impatience or for distress. So let us go on, believing neither in the wrath of God nor in the despair of man."

This faith, he records in the last page of his book, yielded him more than spiritual repose and intellectual certainty. It has given him a "long, happy, busy life," has secured a domestic experience devoid of a single memory that is not joyous or consoling, and enables him to close his days in "resignation, peace, and hope." This is high fortune; but we must be permitted to divide its triumphs between temperament and creed. Mr. Harrison found his soul's anchorage early, and held it firmly. It happened to be an ideal resting-place for a mind turning with equal aversion from the "jargon" of metaphysics and the "dissolving vapours of orthodox theology," and precisely attuned to a round of cheerful affirmations that can content neither the soul of the poet nor the deeper speculations and more harassing visions of the age.

PITT AND THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

"William Pitt and the Great War." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (Bell. 16s. net.)

This volume completes the biography of Pitt, of which the first instalment was published in the spring. It is a work on the same scale as the first volume, and the complete biography is, of course, the best and fullest that we possess. Dr. Rose writes with more knowledge and with greater detachment than any of his predecessors. His book has not the literary charm of Lord Rosebery's study of Pitt, but there is much less special pleading in it, and much more of the spirit and large-mindedness of history. Further, he has had access to papers at the Record Office which have only lately been made available for this purpose, and his special knowledge of the foreign history of this period makes him a trustworthy guide through all the documents, from one source or another, that are now coming to light. If we had any criticism to offer on the work as a whole, it would be that Dr. Rose has sometimes been rather overwhelmed by his material, and that his book is not always very easy to read. But it will receive a warm welcome from students as a serious, sincere, comprehensive, and well-balanced study of the facts and the forces of this momentous time.

There are, of course, two main topics of controversy in this period. One is the part Pitt played in the French War; the other is his treatment of English liberty. Dr. Rose discusses both questions with great thoroughness, and in a scientific temper. On the first question his verdict is a verdict of acquittal and approval. He has no difficulty, of course, in showing that the view that Pitt wanted war because he hated the French Revolution *per se* is an error. There was no such strain of hatred or mysticism in Pitt's nature, and Burke mistrusted him nearly as much as Fox. Pitt looked at the question from the point of view of British interests. Unfortunately, he so conceived British interests, and the bad way of defending them, as to become the main protagonist of the old *régime* throughout Europe. Not long after the war had begun, he was drifting into the state of mind in which the Opposition very justly discerned a great menace both to Europe and to England. In October, 1793, at the time of the descent on Toulon, he wrote an important letter to Grenville, which Dr. Rose prints in this volume:—

> "I do not see that we can go on secure grounds if we treat with any separate districts or bodies of men (in France) who stop short of some declaration in favour of monarchy; nor do I see any way as likely to unite considerable numbers in one vigorous effort as by specifying monarchy as the only system in the re-establishment of which we are disposed to concur. This idea by no means precludes us from treating with any other form of regular Government, if, in the end, any other should be solidly established; but it holds out monarchy as the only one from which we expect any good and in favour of which we are disposed to enter into concert."

Here, as Dr. Rose says, Pitt was being edged away from his standpoint of complete neutrality as to the future government of France. This was a private letter. In his political speeches, Pitt travelled rather further in this direction, notably in his speech in the House of Commons in January, 1794, in resisting Fox's Amendment to the Address. That amendment demanded that considerations respecting the form or nature of the government which may prevail in France should not be made an obstacle to peace, if peace could be had upon prudent and reasonable terms. Pitt was not a legitimist on principle or from sentiment; but he used language like this because he thought that a monarchist government in France would make her a better neighbor, and that if he appealed to the feeling stirred up by the keen Royalists, he would find it easier to prosecute the war with France. But his choice of this method seems to us to dispose of all the charges Dr. Holland Rose brings against the Opposition, who, in protesting against making war upon revolutionary France under this banner, were not, as he suggests, playing a factious game, but discharging an important, patriotic duty.

Pitt's diplomatic strategy lent emphasis to this aspect of the war, and increased the natural suspicions of the Opposition. His favorite method of bribing kings to defend their territory had nothing to recommend it; his allies were entirely destitute of public spirit, and each of them was far more intent on his private schemes than on any policy in which England was interested. It is often said that Pitt foresaw the rising in the Peninsula. Dr. Holland Rose thinks this an entirely mistaken reading of his mind, and he thinks that if Pitt had lived to see that struggle, he would have distrusted the Spanish patriots. It is interesting to quote his language on the subject:—

> "Pitt's reliance on the statics of statecraft, rather than on the dynamics of nationality, tells against the credibility of the oft-repeated story that he prophesied the liberation of Europe by the enthusiasm of the Spaniards. Wellington afterwards told the Spanish General Alava, that Pitt, on hearing of the disaster of Ulm, made this prophecy at a dinner party at which he (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) was present. Difficulties of time and place militate against the anecdote, which, moreover, is out of harmony with the sentiments expressed in Pitt's speeches, letters, and despatches. Further, his experience of Spain was such as to inspire him with deep distrust; and, finally, the cast of his mind was so far objective as to forbid the indulgence of speculations on the little known topic of nationality. Distrusting novel theories, he sought to utilise forces of tried potency. He worked by diplomatic methods through Governments, not through the tumultuary efforts of peoples. Dependence on a nation so backward as the Spaniards would have seemed to him madness. Even if he could have seen the surprising events of May-June, 1808, he would probably have distrusted the spirit which prompted them. In truth, he lacked the sympathetic instinct which led Canning at that crisis to side with the Spanish patriots, and thus open a new chapter in the history of Europe."

This seems to us a very true analysis. Pitt, in spite of his early support of reform, was entirely destitute of sympathy with popular feeling; he was afraid of it. Not a few of the disasters of the French War were due to his dread of a National Army, and his determination to organise the military forces of the country in such a way that the upper classes would be able to suppress the poor.

This brings us, naturally, to the second greater question: Pitt's domestic tyranny. Here Dr. Rose's opinion is far more critical. He thinks it would have been a "more intelligent and more courageous course" to have abstained from crushing the political societies, and he blames Pitt severely for countenancing and approving the judicial enormities that marked the track of Palmer and Muir, and he criticises the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in 1794. Dr. Rose does not write from any special sympathy with the Reformers, but he has a general dislike of arbitrary methods, and he is far less ready than others of Pitt's admirers to admit that the circumstances justified them. This is important, as if such justification was ever to be found, it was to be looked for in the papers that Dr. Rose has examined. Further, Dr. Rose puts his finger on a capital weakness in Pitt's position: "We cannot forget that Pitt had had it in his power to redress the most obvious of the grievances which

kept large masses of his countrymen outside the pale of political rights and civic privilege. Those grievances were made known to him temperately in the years 1787, 1789, and 1790; but he refused to amend them, and gradually drifted to the side of the alarmists and reactionaries." In other words, Pitt had cooled off from Reform before the French Revolution, and his record on this question was quite enough to justify the suspicions of the politicians whom he swept into prison during the Revolution for saying that Parliament was not perfect. The people of England had no control over a Parliament in which more than half the members of the House of Commons were sent there by 154 patrons; and Pitt, who had once admitted that grievance and profited by it, now proceeded to deny them the right of declaring their views or wishes on public matters by any method at all. The truth, of course, is that Pitt was fighting in those years, not only for the interests of England as he understood them, but also for the privileges and monopolies of the aristocracy.

In his first chapter, Dr. Rose gives a general estimate of Pitt's position in English history. He says, we think with justice, that Pitt did not possess the highest instincts of his class. He contrasts him, lacking "a sympathetic insight into the needs and aspirations of the people," with Stein and his wise, reforming legislation. We should incline to the view that he was considerably less far-sighted than either Burke or Fox. But Dr. Rose thinks, on the other hand, that Lord Acton's criticism of Pitt as "the strongest of Ministers, but the weakest of legislators" is unfair. Yet, surely that conclusion will be drawn by most careful readers of Dr. Rose's book. Was there ever a time when constructive legislation was needed more badly and supplied less liberally? It is true that England was at war during most of the time Pitt was Prime Minister, but it is also true that Parliament, which could not find the will to carry measures for helping the poor, found the will and time without difficulty to carry measures for punishing and oppressing them. If we put on one side all the great mass of political coercion, we have still to set to the credit of the energy of Parliament a fierce Game Law and a brutal Combination Law which is one of the great origins of industrial poverty to-day. Was it more necessary to protect the squire's pheasants than to deliver the agricultural laborer from the misery and degradation into which he was sinking? Apparently it was, if we are to judge from Pitt's own conduct. For Pitt, who rejected the Whigs' policy of a minimum wage in 1796, brought in a Poor Law scheme of his own, which he abandoned without a murmur. When taxed with his conduct on this occasion by Whitbread, he defended himself on the ground of his ignorance of the subject. Except that he supported a modification of the Settlement Laws, he never lifted a finger again on behalf of a class which was infinitely poorer and more wretched when he left office, than when he first assumed it, and it never seems to have occurred to him that a politician who was making it a crime for the laborers to declare their grievances, ought not to be content to remain in ignorance of their condition. And, unfortunately, he left behind him, in those devoted disciples of whom Dr. Rose speaks, together with his tenacity and resolution, his supreme indifference to the condition of the mass of the nation. Hence it is that those who want to find the darkest page in English social history will turn to the years that began with Pitt's accession to power, and ended with the death of Castlereagh.

THE TEXT OF WORDSWORTH.

"A Concordance to the Poems of William Wordsworth." Edited for the Concordance Society by LANE COOPER, Assistant Professor of the English Language and Literature in Cornell University. (Smith, Elder. £2 2s. net.)

THIS is the second concordance which has been issued by the American Concordance Society, the first being a concordance to the poems of Thomas Gray. It is pleasant that such a task should have been undertaken in America, for it serves as a bond between America and England. It is a proof, also, that across the Atlantic there are scholars, as it is to be hoped there are some here, who love hard, unexciting, unremunerative work, and actually find life to be sweeter when arranging concordance slips than writing or reading "A Scarlet Passion" whilst smoking a cigarette.

If the value of a concordance consists in the help it gives to find a popular quotation, a concordance to Wordsworth is not so necessary as one to Pope, but no poet, perhaps, impresses himself more deeply than Wordsworth on those who have studied him. Although, therefore, we may not use a concordance to his poetry for the discovery of a pithy rhymed couplet with which to point a leading article or a speech, it is peculiarly precious. The present reviewer remembers how he could not close his eyes to a dream-picture of solitary, ghostly loneliness, but he could call to mind only one word in it—"female"—and this gave him no clue. The passage was one of twelve lines in the twelfth book of the "Prelude," where he did not expect it:—

> "Then reascending the bare common, saw
> A naked pool that lay beneath the hills." &c.

We are glad to see that the Oxford Wordsworth, edited by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, is the text which has been followed, for there is not a more accurate piece of work in the English language. The editor of the concordance notes only five minute errors in 976 double-columned pages. To these we can add another—"Demon's" for "Demons" in line 69, "Descriptive Sketches." "Demon's" has been queried in the body of the concordance, but has escaped Mr. Hutchinson.

The editor gives the sufficient reason, want of space, for not noticing variants, and yet it is to be wished that some passages in the earlier editions, afterwards improved (?) by Wordsworth, could have found a place. For example, there are the lines near the end of the first book of the "Excursion." In 1814 they stood:—

> "She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here;
> I well remember that those very plumes,
> Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
> By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
> As once I passed did to my heart convey
> So still an image of tranquillity,
> So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
> Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
> That what we feel of sorrow and despair
> From ruin and from change, and all the grief
> The passing shows of Being leave behind,
> Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
> Where meditation was."

In 1845 the last two lines were altered thus:—

> "Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain
> Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit,
> Whose meditative sympathies repose
> Upon the breast of Faith."

There is also the "Blind Highland Boy," who, according to the reading of 1807, goes on his venturous voyage in a tub:—

> "But say, what was it? Thought of fear!
> Well may ye tremble when ye hear!
> —A Household Tub, like one of those,
> Which women use to wash their clothes,
> This carried the blind boy."

In 1815, the washing-tub—Charles Lamb protesting against the change—became a "turtle-shell . . . of ample size," brought by "seafaring men."

The third instance which may be quoted is from "Rob Roy's Grave." In 1807 the last stanza was:—

> "And, far and near, through vale and hill,
> Are faces that attest the same;
> And kindle like a fire new stirr'd,
> At sound of Rob Roy's name."

In 1827 the third line became:—

> "The proud heart flashing through the eyes,"

Why Wordsworth substituted common-place for the vivid image, which preceded it, is a mystery. We cannot help turning aside irrelevantly to quote from this poem a verse which will show that Wordsworth's extension and comprehension were a little wider than they are supposed to have been:—

> "Say, then, that he was wise as brave;
> As wise in thought as bold in deed;
> For in the principles of things
> *He* sought his moral creed."

In all the three extracts given above, which have undergone change, it is for the worse, and, in the first, much

for the worse. In 1807 the last two lines were profound philosophy, peculiarly Wordsworth's own. In 1845 they become obscure, orthodox dogma. Many of us are accustomed to the old readings, and they are really of much more importance in our estimate of Wordsworth than the new. The editor might, perhaps, have given us a selection of those which were of consequence, and typical.

The value of a concordance lies in the absence of undue compression, and in accuracy. There is in existence a cheap Cruden's Concordance, compressed to such a degree as to be almost useless, unless its object be to train purchasers to command their tempers. Scott and Richardson have been "condensed," and therefore ruined, seeing that extent of surface is essential to their method. The Bible, also, so rumor goes, is to be made much more attractive by deletion of books and chapters which possess no literary interest. But surely nobody would buy a concordance which was nothing more than a selection. In this respect the Wordsworth concordance is admirable, for it includes partial lists of such words as "about," "above," "after," "again," &c.

As to accuracy, the reviewer has turned up exactly one hundred quotations without finding a single mistake. He can conclude this notice by affirming conscientiously that Mr. Lane Cooper could not have done his work with more honesty and care.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

PASCAL AND FÉNELON.

"The French Ideal." By Mme. DUCLAUX. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THESE essays, which, as their dedication indicates, appeared originally in the "Edinburgh Review," are of exceptional distinction. That on Fénelon, in particular, touches high-water-mark as a portrait of the age, the environment, and the man. It would be difficult to find the English ideal in any four English writers. The Latin genius is clearer cut than ours, and takes more definite shape in its classics. In "Pascal the Pragmatist, Fénelon the Theosophist, Buffon the Naturalist, and Lamartine the Romantic," we can trace, broadly speaking, the main lines on which the French mind moves.

Jansenism, which fills so great a place in seventeenth-century France, has points of contact with English Puritanism and with its modern equivalent, the Nonconformist Conscience. All three are apt to assume forms repulsive to persons of education; all three have stood for good against evil, for truth against falsehood, for right against wrong. The official religion of Pascal's generation went in wig and powder; it appealed to convention, to decorum, to what was called "Evidences," not to the living man. Jansenism, with all its faults—and they were many—brought reality to the soul and the soul to reality. "We cannot imagine now the piercing freshness, the poignant novelty of those treatises—unless, perhaps, we picture some earnest Russian suddenly acquainted with the works of Tolstoi. For Pascal, at least, they constituted a new gospel, a divine initiation."

He was not enthusiastically welcomed. Jansenism was, even more than a doctrine, a way of life. It repressed impulse, it discouraged initiative. "Don't be original," said Keble, when R. H. Froude had preached a brilliant sermon—there was Port Royal to the life. Its austere directors feared the impetuosity of the neophyte; his scientific attainments, his ambition, his secular attachments inspired them with distrust. It may be doubted whether his famous "wager" was to their mind. "You must stake for or against the existence of God. What do you lose by taking the risk?" This way of putting the matter is out of harmony with the taste and sentiment of to-day. It reminds us of the "Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection," or of the once popular argument that as Protestants admit the possible salvation of Catholics, while Catholics deny that of Protestants, the prudent man will prefer the safer alternative, and come down on the Catholic side. It is probable that Pascal's thought was loftier than its expression, and that he had been brought up against that background of mystery on which, in the last resort, religion rests. Our own age has verified Bacon's aphorism. Science is no longer merely, or even mainly, negative; its hierophants have a presentiment of the Beyond.

> "The natural philosopher is aware of mysterious forces beyond our ken, invisibly, inaudibly, imperceptibly circulating round us, flooding the secret veins and channels of the universe, as the blood flows in our veins. He feels that a different set of conditions may come into play outside the boundaries of the visible universe. We hardly know our finite world; we apprehend there is an infinite, and its nature is a mystery—'Aussi on peut bien connaître qu'il y a un Dieu sans savoir ce qu'il est.'"

Pascal was a Jansenist, because the Jansenists, unlike the Court theologians, took religion seriously. But, as in the case of Modernism to-day, when Rome had definitely condemned the movement, the position of those identified with it became grave. For the Church acknowledges no alternative form of religion: Christianity is Catholicism, and Catholicism is Rome. So that unless a man can get out of looking at the thing in this way—in which case he has ceased to be an orthodox Catholic—he has to choose between his convictions and his faith. His decision will probably be guided according as he puts first truth or piety. If the latter, he will easily persuade himself that he is more sure of the Pope than of Jansenism or Modernism; or that the one represents a greater, the other a smaller, truth. It is only if he sees the issue in a larger perspective, and recognises that no piety which is not based on truth can be either real or lasting, that he will dare the higher loyalty, and leave Christ for Christ. Did Pascal retract on his death-bed? it has been asked. It is certain that he received the last sacraments; it is certain also that the word retractation was not used. And the indignation of the Jesuit faction is evidence that there was no retractation in the proper sense of the term. That he professed his submission to the Church in general terms is probable; and with this a sensible priest like M. Beurrier would be satisfied. Mme. Duclaux is persuaded that his inner life was "cleft in twain—his will, his activity, his passions remained Jansenist to the verge of heresy; his spiritual and contemplative self was gradually evolving in the sense of orthodox Catholicism." Be this as it may, we may believe that "when he entered his rest through the thorny gates of a terrible agony, he thought of none of these things—of neither Jesuits nor Jansenists—but only of Jesus Christ, whom he had so fervently, so ardently adored."

This same question of submission to authority, when authority was in the wrong, was central in Fénelon's life. His temper and outlook differed widely from Pascal's; he solved it on other lines.

> "Throughout the ages of the Church, in every century, from Scotus Erigena to Meister Eckhart, from Joachim de Flora to the great Bishop of Annecy, there have been saints and sages whose religion has accompanied sadly, as in a minor third, the public orthodoxy of Roman doctrine—minds who sought their deity within, and in perception rather than in precept; whose piety has been, not passive perhaps, but quiet; minds whose sense is filled with the eternity of the One-in-all, so full as to outweigh and overmaster their sense of personal immortality; whose devotion to the Holy Spirit has been more conspicuous than their adoration of the Son of Man. The Church has pronounced some of them blessed. Others have been cast to the burning. *Habent fata animæ.*"

Fénelon was of their number. He had here no abiding city; like a bird on the wing, he skimmed over rather than alighted upon the things of time. It was in 1688 that he met Mme. Guyon. He recognised in her the note of personal experience; "she had felt and seen and known the things which he surmised afar off." In a few concise, but illuminative, pages, Mme. Duclaux states this mystical position. It cannot be denied either that mysticism is the soul of religion, or that the mystic, however orthodox in intention, sits loose to the main beliefs of orthodoxy—sin, redemption, Church authority, dogma, the sacraments—to all that St. Paul calls law or letter. Grace, the Spirit—this is his element. For the rest, he may assent to it, but it does not touch him very closely; the root of the matter is elsewhere.

"The seventeenth century had an appetite for theological controversy, a passion for the unity of the Church, which we of a later day may dimly understand by recalling the Russia of the later nineteenth century, where Pobiedonostsef was the Bossuet of Alexander." Fénelon might have saved himself had he given up Mme. Guyon. But, before all things a great gentleman, "his sense of honor had received

no tonsure," he refused. The Pope was for peace—Rome, though she exploits and is exploited by fanatics, is too set on material things to be herself fanatical—but the pressure of the French Court was too strong to be resisted; the "Maximes des Saints" was condemned. In what sense did the author accept the condemnation? Bossuet, he knew, was simply ignorant of the subject matter; Louis XIV. was "the average sensual man." For a Catholic, Rome was the centre of unity; but no one who has ever come to close quarters with the Papacy has been able to respect it. "M. de Cambrai continue à faire le soumis de l'air du monde le plus arrogant," wrote Bossuet; nor, perhaps, was he far wrong. Condemnation and submission alike belonged to the external sphere; and to the external sphere Fénelon was indifferent. "Le Pape entend mieux mon livre qui je n'ai su l'entendre (mark the irony!); c'est sur quoi je me soumets." But,

> "if his own nothingness was apparent to the Archbishop of Cambrai, I think that the spiritual insignificance of Bossuet and of the King appeared perhaps even more clearly evident! And in his heart he knew that not the Pope, but only Bossuet and the King had really condemned him: 'Rome ne manquera pas de dire que le respect humain n'a aucune part à sa décision; mais qui le croira?'"

And his deliberate judgment is expressed in a letter written ten years after the events to which it alludes.

> "Feu M. de Meaux a combattu mon livre par prévention pour une doctrine pernicieuse et insoutenable, qui est de dire que la raison d'aimer Dieu ne s'explique que par le seul désir du bonheur. On a toléré et laissé triompher cette indigne doctrine qui degrada la charité en la réduisant au seul motif de l'espérance. Celui qui errait a prévalu; celui qui était exempte d'erreur a été écrasé."

Had not a tragedy of Fate carried off the heir of Louis XIV., the spirit of Fénelon might have inspired the French monarchy and the history of Europe been changed. It was not to be; and for the Archbishop the end had come. Three years of life were left to him. He devoted them to domestic pieties, in which he was assiduous; to the vigils of eternity —"life to him was a discipline with charming breaks in it, but, as a rule, irksome"; and, above all, to the duties of his state. The key to his life is that it was lived on another plane than ours, in another air, and under other horizons. Such rare souls there are—those who were privileged to know the late Abbé Huvelin will recognise at once the likeness and the type. It could not be better expressed than in Mme. Duclaux's words:—

> "For my part, I think that Fénelon was a pure and ardent spirit who, having grasped the interior secret of religion, would have been a saint under any dispensation: Jansenist or Jesuit, Catholic or Protestant, Pagan or Buddhist, Platonist or Laotian—proving in his own person the identity of the deepest soul in man."

SOME TUDOR PORTRAITS.

"The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey and their Wicked Grandfather." By Richard Davey. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

The subject of this book has been treated at length in Miss Strickland's learned work, "Tudor Princesses." At a party at Holland House, in 1868, Agnes Strickland met our present Queen's mother, the Princess Mary, who told the historian that the lives of the Tudor Princesses, which she was then writing, "would be a treat for everyone." But since 1868 the Simancas MSS. and much other hidden material has been unearthed, so that Mr. Richard Davey had a great opportunity offered him, and might have brought fully up to date the pathetic stories of Lady Jane Grey's sisters and their clandestine marriages. He has produced an interesting and readable book, but a comparison with Miss Strickland's work shows that he has rested on his oars and left the labor of research chiefly to her.

It is to be hoped that many people will read his brightly-written pages, and that an able historian will be stimulated to write biographies of these important legatees of the Crown of England, containing the added light thrown on the subject, not only by the Simancas MSS., which Mr. Davey does use, but by the diaries and letters published since the 'sixties of last century.

Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, is the first person whose life is described by Mr. Davey, and we learn some fresh and interesting particulars about his ancestral home of Suffolk Court, near what is now Southwark Cathedral. The house had two parks, which stretched down to the Thames, and in the big gardens there was a maze like that at Hampton Court. The details about old London houses and streets are full and interesting, and form one of the pleasantest features of the book. In future we may fancy Lady Frances Brandon, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, and the heroine of the "pinches, nips, and bobs" story, as living, when not at Sheen, with her second low-born husband, Adrian Stokes, at her house on the site—sites are everything in the London of to-day, where fancy is our only master-builder of the vanished past—of Northumberland House.

Lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, the golden-haired widow of Louis XII. of France, is to be studied in a striking portrait by Lucas de Heere, for which Mr. Davey deserves much gratitude, as for all the striking reproductions of portraits which adorn his pages. Lady Frances is evidently meditating nips and bobs, and both in her sour face and her fat person looks a worthy niece of Henry VIII. For all his fine clothes, Adrian Stokes seems a strong man, able to cope with the heartless widow who had married him within a fortnight of the death at the block of her first husband, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk. Mr. Davey makes a serious error in his introductory chapter on "The origin of the House of Tudor." He states that Henry VI.'s half-brother, Jasper of Hatfield, Earl of Pembroke, died young, in 1456, and was buried at St. David's Cathedral. A reference to the "Dictionary of National Biography" would have shown him that Earl Jasper lived to be what was an old man in the fifteenth century, and did not die till 1495. His interesting will in a volume of the "Somerset Record Society" suggests particulars of his later life.

An example of Mr. Davey's pleasant style, always mindful of detail, "ce superflu si nécessaire," may be given in the following passage:—

> "Lady Katherine Grey's first appearance at the Court of the Queen, her cousin, was on the occasion of Mary's marriage to Philip of Spain, in July, 1554, when she is mentioned as being among the ladies who rode in that startling red-lacquered chariot, lined with crimson velvet, and specially constructed for the purpose, that so delighted contemporaries, and conveyed her Majesty and her ladies over the very rough road between London and Winchester, rendered still more dreadful by an almost incessant downpour of rain, which had lasted for some weeks."

The descriptions of the marriage at Winchester and of Queen Mary's honeymoon of brief delight at Hampton Court are very well done, but most of the detail is already supplied in Major Martin Hume's "Two English Queens and Philip," published in 1908.

The exquisite tale of Lady Katherine's death and of the three rings with which she was bound to her "little Earl" —"While I lyve, yours" was engraved on the last—was worth re-telling; but why did Mr. Davey fail to extract from the recently-published "Travail and Lief of Thomas Hoby" how the Earl of Hertford and Lady Katherine dined together at Thomas Hoby's house at Bissham in 1560, the year of their stolen wedding, and on the tragic 8th of September, when Amy Robsart was done to death at Cumnor Hall? Leicester's consequent unpopularity added to Lady Katherine's chances as heir of England, while the friendship between the Hobys and the Greys gives an added interest to the list of books owned by the sad, little, dwarf Lady Mary Grey, who married Mr. Keyes, Queen Elizabeth's giant sergeant-porter in 1565. Among the books was "The Life of the Countie Baltazar Castiglione," and it was the only mundane work among a pile of sour Puritan treatises. It is surely interesting to connect with the September visit in 1560 to Thomas Hoby at his Bissham home the interest shown by little Lady Mary in the life of Castiglione, whose "Cortegiano" Thomas Hoby had translated and was seeing through the press in the winter of 1560.

A NOVEL OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

"The Position of Peggy Harper." By Leonard Merrick. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

Report has it that Mr. Leonard Merrick's work is now being "boomed" in America, and we trust that such is the case, for few of our novelists have had to wait so long as

Macmillan's New Books

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Christopher Tatham, the impecunious hero, has, unfortunately for his career, genuine talent as an actor and the instincts of a gentleman. After the usual sickening struggle to obtain even the most modest recognition and earn his bread and butter by the stage, he is forced to abandon his calling and become a clerk. Unluckily he had befriended a young actress, Miss Peggy Harper, who is starving, like himself; and, a year later, when they chance to meet again, he becomes engaged to the lively and good-looking Cockney girl. Tatham is lonely and isolated, and he is still attracted by the glamor of the theatre; and so, against his better instincts, he yields weakly to Miss Peggy's blandishments. Mr. Merrick proceeds to unfold, with biting irony, the respective careers of the pair. Peggy has absolutely no talent as an actress, no taste, and no discrimination; but she has the prettiness of youth, a vulgar nature, and the imitative faculty, and she is chosen by the experienced dramatist, Forsyth, to play a very young girl, "Daphne," in his new piece, simply because he cannot put his hand, after many experiments, on anyone better. Forsyth, infinitely patient and tactful, by weeks of hard work, "moulds Peggy into the character, trains her in every inflexion, every movement, every flash of facial play." She is his tearfully obedient marionette, and after the last rehearsal she is so broken of her conceit and cowed that she can only cling to her lover and sob, "I wish I was dead and buried, I do, I give you my word; I wish I was dead and buried." The play falls flat. "The Press objected to it on the grounds of false psychology, and the public objected to it because they found it dull." But "the notices were an ovation to Miss Peggy Harper." Her "acute sensibility and intelligence," the "spontaneity of her talent," and "the brilliant promise of her surprising youth" were commonplaces in panegyrics which sparkled with such phrases as "sweetly delicious with the consciousness of English maidenhood," and "a career to be conspicuous in the annals of the stage."

Naturally, Forsyth, "one of the most accomplished of living dramatists and an intellectual man," is not surprised at the result of "some years of thought and twelve months of strenuous work," or that Peggy, who is "only eighteen," should become a popular idol. The picture-journals are full of her photographs, and the Press teems with touching anecdotes of the "gifted young actress." She is said to have been "swept into fame by her natural talent direct from the class-room of a fashionable boarding-school," and the public flock to "The Piccadilly" to see "the winsome English maiden." When she leaves "The Piccadilly" she is offered a contract at £50 a week at "The Waterloo," and soon she is seen holding her own with celebrities, "chattering to an R.A. and a Cabinet Minister with an unrestraint tinged with condescension." To trace Miss Peggy Harper's career further would be superfluous. Mr. Merrick has contrived, in a score or so of pages, to etch with a mordant pen the banality of our drama, as conceived and generated by London's requirements. One of the best scenes is that in which we discover Miss Peggy Harper nibbling a pencil, while she is struggling to write for the "Beholder" an article on "How I study a Part." She cannot get further than the statement, "I study a part by first learning the lines, and then I work them up," although she is conscious for the moment that she really studies the part "by doing exactly as she is told." But Tatham comes to the rescue, and writes the article for her, and it tells the public that at first "she feels awfully shy," and then, "by degrees, she forgets that it is a part, and on the first night she is not quite sure whether she is Peggy Harper or the girl in the play." And when he had finished the article, "she sounded a little darling—her sweet simplicity was as delightful as her brilliant gifts." After raking the ship theatrical fore and aft with this broadside, Mr. Merrick tacks about, and, passing around her stern, harasses her with his small arms in merciless fashion.

Tatham, sick of clerking, has still preserved his theatrical ambitions, and turns dramatist. But his plays, true to life, and decidedly "promising," are returned to him unread by the West End managers. In his desperation, he tries his hand at a superior melodrama, for a Mr. Logan Ross, who tours the provinces, for which he accepts fifteen pounds. The play, "London Inside-out," after a vast deal of cogitation and rehandling, is put on by the manager in a small Lancashire town, and speedily achieves an amazing success. In its crudity and high coloring, it is exactly the sort of sensational piece for which the provinces have been yearning, and its reputation is so great that Mr. Logan Ross hurries out a second company to take the road with it, while, eventually, his profit amounts to thirty thousand pounds. Mr. Merrick has failed to make a satiric stroke at this juncture. He should have shown us the astute manager making up the author's honorarium to fifty pounds; but he has preferred to be true to life, and accordingly Tatham receives nothing, though his name, indeed, is displayed in small type on the bills.

Fate has it that on the occasion when the obscure dramatist takes a holiday from the City, and goes to see his melodrama performed in a manufacturing town, "The Post's" representative, a girl, Miss Theodosia Moore, criticises it severely, in a naïvely sincere article. Indignation fills Mr. Logan Ross's breast, and the manager promptly steps round to the office of the offending journal, puts his foot down, "and withdraws his ad." The editor tenders an apology, and "sacks" his critic, as a matter of business. A capital scene is the one in which the dismissed lady journalist and the impecunious author of "London Inside-out" fraternise over the play which threatens to ruin them both. For Tatham has been told privately that "a high-class management is not going to consider anything by the author of 'London Inside-out,' for the critics are sure to be prejudiced against his future work before they see it. The Press wouldn't take it seriously, and the managers are not going to risk notices commencing: 'The dialogue is passable, but the melodramatic nature of the theme——' etc." Of course, Miss Peggy Harper jilts Tatham soon after she has become "a celebrity," and this piece of luck is followed by his engagement and marriage to Theodosia, and the novel closes with a pleasant domestic scene, four years later, in which Tatham's wife shows him a picture in the "Sketch." "It was a picture of a girl in a reefer and a pilot cap, smiling, with a tilted chin, and with her hands behind her back. Under it was printed: 'Miss Peggy Harper, whose engagement to Lord Capenhurst was recently announced. Like her fiancé, Miss Harper has always been devoted to yachting.'"

Our summary of Mr. Merrick's novel must, perforce, do injustice to the fine filaments of detail on which its subtlety and naturalness rest. The situation outlined is so typical of the coil of evil conditions which have strangled the drama in modern communities, that Mr. Merrick's irony may almost pass unobserved by the unreflective reader. The target is so broad that his arrows may seem wasted to those who still refuse to take the English theatre seriously. That is the only defect of the artistic scheme of this novel—viz., that the hero, Christopher Tatham, seems a little unnaturally normal in contact with the vulgarities which decide his fate. But the arrows indubitably reach their mark. Indeed, it would be difficult for them to miss it. Mr. Merrick's art suffers through its restriction to one form of life, but his work is always sincere and freely drawn. And, after all, the number of writers who have really studied anything, and can set down the result of those studies in good black and white, is surprisingly small.

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. October 20.	Price Friday morning. October 27.
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Since I wrote last week some factors of disturbance have been diminished, for the Morocco Settlement between France and Germany is now considered safe, and a more friendly feeling is springing up, while Mr. Churchill's accession to the Admiralty may very possibly open up prospects of an arrangement with Germany. The Railway Report is also thought to afford hopes of peace and quiet, and the Home Railway Market has taken fresh heart. At the fortnightly settlement on Wednesday (which was carry-over day) several deferred stocks were two or three points higher. Thus Great Northern Deferred showed a rise of 3½ over the fortnight and Brighton Deferred 2, while South Eastern Deferred had jumped 7 points (quite a sensation), from 44¾ to 51¾. This particular rise is to be ascribed to Kent coal anticipations. But the general movement is decidedly upwards, and on Thursday, after a good Bank Return, the rise was vigorously renewed. Yankees also rose on the fortnight, Union and Southern Pacific being 3¼ and 2¼ better respectively. But trade in the States is still depressed, and the unemployment figures go from bad to worse in New York State. Another feature of the fortnight was a drop in Chinese Bonds, which may go very far, unless the Government is speedily settled one way or the other. The City is hopeful, however, taking the view that the Revolutionaries are better than the Manchus. Some Home Industrials have been active with a rising market, notably Marconis (an increase of capital has been sanctioned by an extraordinary general meeting of this company), and also London General Omnibus, which last stock is under suspicion as subject to manipulation by insiders. There has been plenty of business in Portland Cement; the report is quite good. On the other hand, the Rubber Share Market has been in a parlous state. Anglo-Malay dropped from over 16s. to 15s., and all the leading shares went lower. But there was a sharp recovery on Wednesday afternoon. Thursday, as I have said, was also a good day, especially in the Foreign Market and in Home Railway shares.

The Railway Report.

The report of the Railway Commission was received with some trepidation in the City; for, at the first blush, it seemed as if the railwaymen might treat it as a *casus belli*. Mr. Henderson's defence and explanation, however, put a better complexion on it, and the Stock Exchange began to be quite cheerful again. Railway authorities seem to recognise that there ought to be substantial advances of wages in some of the worse-paid grades, and if something can be done promptly in this direction, with the assistance and goodwill of the Government, there does seem to be good reason for hoping that permanent peace may be assured. It would be a thousand pities if another dislocation of trade were to take place simply because the Commission has postponed everything till next July.

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An Extraordinary General Meeting was held on Wednesday, the 26th inst., at the offices, Watergate House, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C., for the purpose of considering a resolution to increase the capital by the creation of 250,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each. Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs, who presided, said:—

I am taking the chair to-day in consequence of the fact that our chairman, Mr. Marconi, is abroad transacting some important business on behalf of the company. The notice which you have received informs you that this is an extraordinary general meeting called for the purpose of considering, and, if thought fit, passing, a resolution to increase the company's capital by 250,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, ranking *pari passu* with the Ordinary shares of the company previously authorised and issued. It is owing to the considerable development of wireless telegraphy throughout the world, and the immense business which this company is, and will be, called upon to conduct, that your directors are determined that they shall not be handicapped by insufficient capital in turning to the fullest account the fresh opportunities offering in this great scientific industry. Of this, perhaps, no better illustration can be cited than that of Russia. In that country, and in the East generally, there is a big field for development, and in order to be thoroughly equipped to cope with the work in that vast territory we have secured the controlling interest in the Russian Company of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. This is a company which has been in existence for some two or three years, and is carrying out large contracts for the Russian Government, and are negotiating for further contracts of considerable magnitude with the Russian War Office, with the Marine, and with the Post Office. Captain Adrian Simpson, a member of our staff, in whose ability and integrity we have implicit confidence, has been appointed managing director of the Russian company, and Mr. Marconi and I are joining the board.

The general development of commerce throughout the world is producing, as a natural corollary, a considerable increase in telegraphic communications. In this direction, also, there is a field of great magnitude of which this company will secure its share.

We are satisfied that the additional resources for which we ask the authority will be productive of such increased profits to the company that both the Preference and Ordinary shareholders will be substantially benefited. The Preference shares, which have a first claim upon both capital and interest, add materially to the value of their security, and inasmuch as they participate also in the dividends over and above their cumulative 7 per cent. so soon as the Ordinary shares have received 10 per cent., they have everything to gain by increasing the earning power of the company, and inasmuch as the additional capital should be the means of our earning considerably more than sufficient to provide reasonable dividends upon the shares which it will represent, the existing Ordinary shares must equally reap considerable advantage.

You will be pleased to learn that we are in active negotiation with our Government in connection with the great scheme of Imperial wireless stations, and we hope that the near future will enable us to announce to you that the construction of these stations is about to be commenced. It will also interest you to know that we have just received a cable from Chili informing us that our offer for the construction of a number of stations for the Chilian Government has been accepted. It will, no doubt, be a matter of satisfaction to all our shareholders, as it has been to Mr. Marconi and to the other members of the board, that we have been able to arrive at a settlement of all our differences with the Lodge-Muirhead Syndicate, and that we shall henceforth have the advantage of Sir Oliver Lodge being associated with our company as a scientific adviser. By this arrangement we have broken the back of the litigation through which it was necessary for us to pass; there remains little more to be done in this direction in this country. If this meeting approves the resolution which I shall shortly formally submit, and if this resolution be confirmed at the meeting summoned for November 9th next, your directors will quickly proceed to make the necessary arrangements for the issue, fixing the premium at which the new capital will be issued. Shareholders may, however, rely that these terms will provide for a reasonably substantial bonus to both Preference and Ordinary shareholders alike. We have received a very large number of proxies and expressions of approval from a great many of our shareholders, and I am glad to say we have not had a single dissenting voice. I now formally propose the following resolution:—"That the capital of the company be increased by the creation of 250,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each, to be issued on such terms and conditions as the directors think fit, such shares to rank *pari passu* in all respects with the existing 500,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each."

Major S. Flood-Page seconded the resolution, and, after a few questions, to which the Chairman replied, the resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

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Considering the marked difference in the number of drugs used then and now, one may well ask whether, when Macbeth exclaims, "Throw physic to the dogs," Shakespeare was inspired by the spirit of prophecy.

Certainly, many of the leading physicians of the day are discarding drugs, and are relying on carefully selected diet, special foodstuffs, and hygienic means for restoring the health of their patients.

This fact has been strikingly stated by that distinguished medical author, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who has written: "I am no advocate of drugs in general and, in fact, I believe that four-fifths or more of the present armoury of drugs might be permanently forgotten to the general benefit."

Moreover, one of the most distinguished practitioners said, recently, to the writer:—"I have resolved never to swallow another dose of medicine in my life, and to avoid giving one to my patients as long as possible."

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The reason for this remarkable change of opinion is undoubtedly that doctors recognise more and more clearly that crude drugs produce less permanent results than those which are in what they call "the organic form," and are "chemically combined" with some food which intensifies their action, and enables them to be absorbed into the system.

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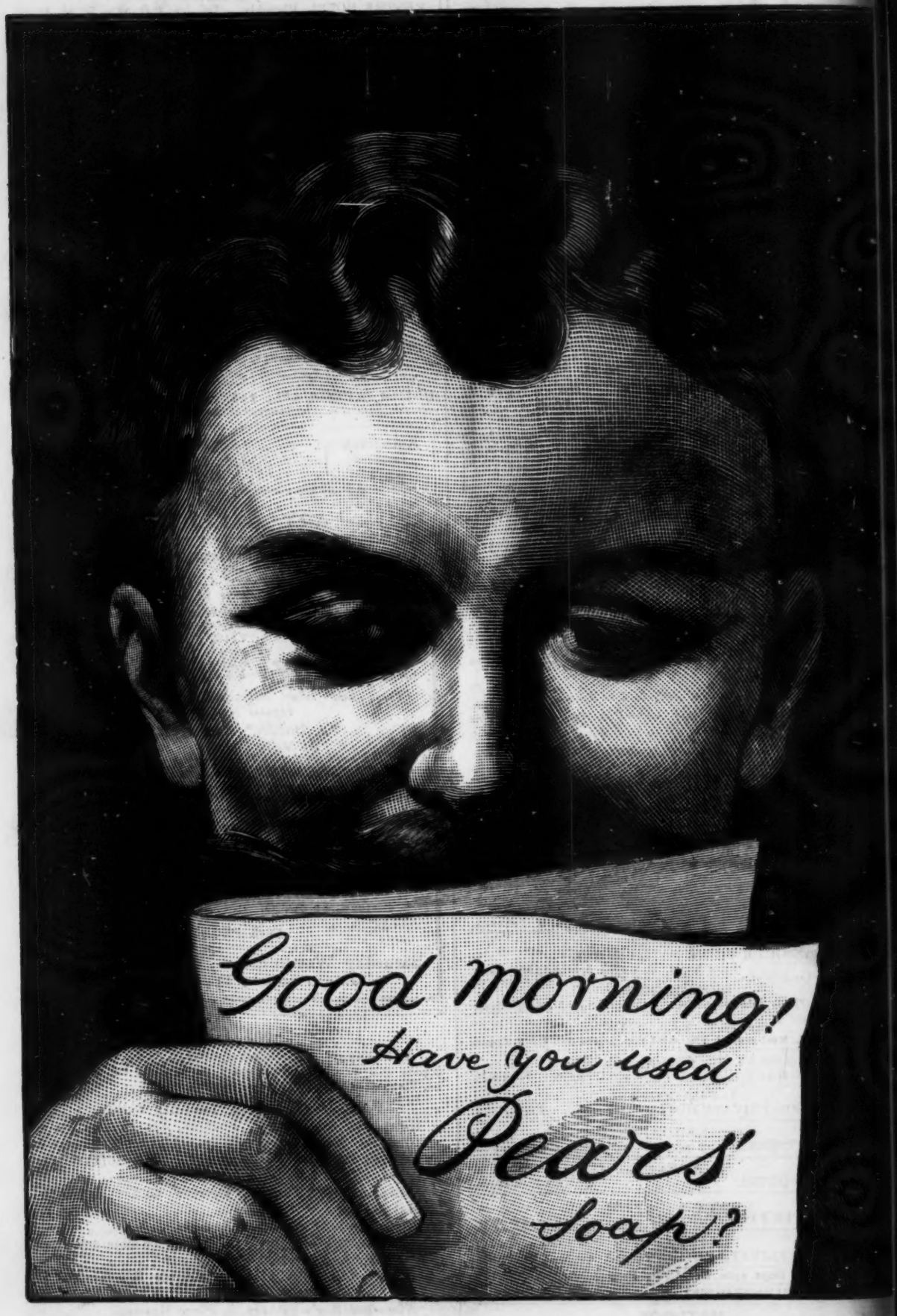
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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1911.